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COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY

EARL STANHOPE.

SECOND SERIES.

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PREFACE.

THE former series of these Miscellanies, published in 1863, comprised several papers—as the Duke of Wellington's on the Duke of Marlborough and the French Retreat from Moscow, or Sir Robert Peel's on Sir Robert Walpole and on the Position of the House of Lords—which it seemed desirable to place on permanent record. In this second selection there are none perhaps of equal value, but still it is hoped, from the great variety of the subjects treated, that some, at least, may be found to interest more than one class of readers.

S.

January, 1872.

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MISCELLANIES.

ITALIAN MEMOIR BY LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

1757.

HORACE WALPOLE says in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, dated August 31, 1751: "Pray tell me if you know anything of Lady Mary Wortley; we have an obscure history here of her being in durance in the Brescian or the Bergamasco." He goes on to state in broad language that this was only the sequel of a love affair, "and her lover," he adds, "has taken it into his head to keep her close prisoner, not permitting her to write or receive any letters but what he sees." In a subsequent letter to Sir Horace (November 22 in the same year) Walpole further observes: "It seems uncertain by your accounts whether Lady Mary Wortley is in voluntary or constrained durance."

When, in 1837, the first Lord Wharncliffe was editing the Works of Lady Mary Wortley, his great grandmother, these statements drew from him some unexpected information. At vol. iii., p. 431, of his edition, he tells us:—

"Among Lady Mary's papers there is a long paper written in Italian, not by herself, giving an account of her having been detained for some time against her will in a country house belonging to an Italian Count, and inhabited by him and his mother. This paper seems to be drawn up either as a case to be submitted to a lawyer for his opinion, or to be produced in a Court of Law. There is nothing else to be found in Lady Mary's papers referring in the least degree to this circumstance." Lord Wharncliffe then proceeds to say that this detention was, "probably, for some pecuniary or interested object;" and he points out, that at the time of this alleged love adventure, Lady Mary was sixty-one years old.

The following correspondence ensued.

Lord Wharncliffe to Lord Mahon.

Curzon Street,
Wed., March 22, 1837.

My dear Lord Mahon,

You suggested to me the other day at the Carlton, that I had better publish the Italian manuscript to which I allude in my Appendix to Lady Mary. This has led me to look farther into it than I had done before, not being a very handy Italian scholar, and it appears to me, upon doing so, to be a narrative extending over ten years of her life, during which she lived near Brescia, at Gotolengo, and Louvere, from whence her letters, from 1746 to 1756, are dated; and of the

circumstances attending her acquaintance with a certain Count Palazzo and his family, by whom she was duped, cheated, and robbed in a most extraordinary manner. If you will turn to those letters you will see that they are full of complaints of the loss of her letters and of her daughter's not having written to her. These complaints are repeated in some other letters, which merely relate to family affairs, and have therefore not been published. There can be no doubt, therefore, that her letters were intercepted by these people for their own purposes, and at last they prevented, or tried to prevent, her getting out of their hands, by all sorts of pretences.

Upon the whole, I have determined to send you the manuscript for your private and exclusive perusal, and you would very much oblige me by giving your opinion, whether, referring to Horace Walpole's accusation on this matter, it will be wise to print either the original, or a translation in the new edition.

Ever yours truly,
WHARNCLIFFE.

Lord Mahon to Lord Wharncliffe.

Grosvenor Place,
March 23, 1837.

MY DEAR LORD,

. . . . . .

The Memoir, though not in Lady Mary's handwriting, is evidently, as it purports to be, composed by her; and though in a foreign language, is marked by

her usual clearness and elegance of narrative. The authenticity and accuracy of this narrative are very remarkably confirmed by a comparison with the printed correspondence of similar dates. In her letter to Mr. Wortley, of August 25, 1746, Lady Mary relates her journey from Avignon, with Count Palazzo as her escort, (naming him) in nearly the same terms as the Memoir. In another, of November 24, 1746, she praises the kindness with which she had been attended in illness at the house of his mother, the Countess Palazzo, near Brescia, as the Memoir now fully explains. From this time forward, the dates of her letters of Brescia and Venice do not correspond so well with those in the narrative, but the reason is shown by herself when she writes to Mr. Wortley, July 17, 1748. "I have been in the country this year and a half, though I continued to date from Brescia, as the place to which I would have directed, being, though not the nearest, the safest, post town." It is very necessary to bear this explanation in mind, especially for her letters during 1756 and 1757, when the dates of them hop strangely from Louvere to Venice and from Venice to Louvere, whereas it appears from the Memoir that she had not been to Venice between 1746 and 1757, and at the latter period departed finally from Louvere and Gotolengo. There is one intervening letter which could not be explained in this manner; it is dated May 13, 1754, speaks of her life at Venice, and complains of the incivility of Mr. Murray, the British Resident. But now it is evident that you or Mr. Dallaway have put a wrong date of year, for the letter goes

on to desire that a remonstrance on the subject may be made to Mr. Pitt, as Secretary of State, whereas Mr. Pitt did not become Secretary of State till December, 1756, and again in June, 1757. With these explanations, the order of dates for these years becomes consistent and clear.

There are several other points in which the letters throw light upon the Memoir. One of the tricks of Count Palazzo, she says in the latter, was concealing from her the name of the merchant whom he had empowered to receive for her Lady Oxford's legacy, intending, no doubt, to keep the money for his own use. Accordingly Lady Mary writes to her daughter (April 3, 1758), though without giving her reason: "I desire to know the name of the merchant to whom the Duke of Portland consigned the legacy left me by Lady Oxford." During the several years in which her stolen jewels were withheld from her, she does not mention them in her letters; but just at the period when she seems to have recovered them (September 5, 1757), takes an opportunity of alluding to them. In the same letter she speaks of some late "mortifications," but adds, "'tis a long tiresome story." A ring sent to her granddaughter, Lady Anne, is mentioned both in the Memoir and in her correspondence, November 2, 1751. The Count Martinenghi of the Memoir appears in the letter of October 25, 1749.

The transactions which the Memoir details thus extend over nearly ten years. It does not appear that Lady Mary ever was in actual confinement, that is, no force was used to detain her; but a system of

fraud and falsehood, and, quite at the end, of intimidation, supplied its place. We find, however, that though there was not the reality, there was the report of her being forcibly detained, as is shown, not only by the vague rumour in Horace Walpole's letter to Mann, of August, 1751, but by the fact, that at nearly the same period, the Signor Contarini, as *Podesta* or Chief Magistrate of Brescia, insisted upon sending one of his officers to Lady Mary, and learning from herself whether she had any such cause of complaint. Lady Mary being then deluded by the artifices of the Count, gave, as her answer, "*Che io non avevo ricevuto che politezze dalla Casa Palazzo.*" By degrees, however, the eyes of the lady were opened as to the Count's real character. At Louvere she tells us, "*Teneva accademia di gioco in casa sua ;*" and his want of principle came still more home to her, when she found that he had, under various pretexts, defrauded her of large sums, and in all probability was the person who, some years before, purloined her jewels. In their explanations before his aunt, Madame Roncadelli, she left him, with the words, "*Voi siete un ladro indegno !*" Nevertheless, from intimidation, being then in Madame Roncadelli's house, she consented to sign a sort of discharge or accommodation, and what is more remarkable, "*Il Conte mi fece dimandare per ultima grazia di lasciarmi accompagnare sino a Mantova ove egli aveva de parenti ; glielo permisi.*" Nor did his pursuit stop then. She found him at Padua, where he had engaged a lodging to be ready for her. She consented to occupy it for two or three days, and on returning from Venice to a house she had ordered to be taken

for her at Padua, she heard that the Count had taken up his quarters there, and was living in the *Loge du Suisse*. She was obliged to send him word that she did not keep an inn, and he then set off for Gotolengo. At this point ends Lady Mary's narrative. The remainder of her life in Italy, till Mr. Wortley's death, appears to have been passed between Padua and Venice, with the exception perhaps of a visit to Genoa in 1759, if indeed (which I doubt) her letter from thence be rightly given at that date.

We come then to the question whether it would be advisable for you to insert this Memoir in the next edition of Lady Mary's works. I must own that I think your doing so will be the most consistent with that "candour and liberality" for which your share in the publication has been already so highly, yet so deservedly, praised by the 'Quarterly Review.' Would those qualities be still so manifest, were you to withhold this important fragment of autobiography after its existence has been already made known to the world, and after conjecture has already done its worst upon it? The question is not, you will observe, whether or not you shall bury all these transactions in oblivion, but whether, when once stirred and glanced at, you shall throw upon them all the light your papers allow, or else leave some future critics and reviewers—no very charitable race—to surmise that the papers must contain something too shocking to publish. You may see what is already said on this subject in the 'Quarterly Review.' Under present circumstances, therefore—the affair being once mooted, and the existence of

this Memoir once proclaimed—I am decidedly of opinion that its publication will be more advantageous than hurtful to Lady Mary's fame. This point, for which, no doubt, you feel a just and natural anxiety, I will endeavour to unfold more fully. What is the chief fact that tells against Lady Mary's character as the story is at present known? That after having been forcibly kept in durance for some sinister purpose, she, instead of loud complaints, concealed the whole affair from her husband and her daughter. This I own, till I read the Memoir, seemed to me a decisive consideration. But its force is certainly blunted in no small degree, when we find that it was no sudden single act of outrage, but rather a series of petty frauds on the one part and of pecuniary losses on the other. A lady of high character could not, I think, hush up any sudden abduction or forcible detention, but might be unwilling to tell a tale of friendship abused, of judgment duped, of money gone. She would not conceal a violence, she might a delusion. Besides, as I have elsewhere shown, it appears, from comparing the Memoir and the letters, that the first steps of this friendship and delusion had been explicitly related to Mr. Wortley.

On the whole, then, if I were in your place I should certainly publish the Memoir, either in the original or in an English translation, or in both; and I should make room for it by omitting Mr. Dallaway's life. That life, besides the dates (and even of these it omits one of the most important, Mr. Wortley's death), contains nothing that is not either to be found in the letters, or that is not flatly contradicted in Lady Louisa Stuart's

introductory anecdotes. It is all, it appears to me, either a truism or an untruth. A notice of a few dates prefixed to Lady Louisa's interesting Essay, or embodied in it, would do all that is required, or, at least, as much as is done in Mr. Dallaway's sixty pages.

I beg your pardon for the length to which my opinion has run; however, I will not lengthen it more by apologies, for I will hasten to subscribe myself,

Ever sincerely yours,

MAHON.

POSTSCRIPT.—*January*, 1872.

The course here recommended was not followed by Lord Wharncliffe in his new edition. It would have had one advantage beyond what he or I foresaw, since, by some accident, as I have lately been informed, the original MS. has been lost or mislaid, without any copy taken.

I may add that, some years after the date of my letter to Lord Wharncliffe, I chanced to find in the despatches then preserved at the State Paper Office, a passage that bears upon the point in question. It is as follows:—

Mr. John Murray, Minister Resident at Venice, to the Secretary of State.

Venice, Sept. 10, 1756.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu arrived here two days ago. She has been for some years past, and still continues, in the hands of a Brescian Count, who, it is said, plunders her of all her riches.

GENERAL WASHINGTON AND MAJOR ANDRÉ.

1780.

WHEN in the course of my History of England I had to examine and compare the different authorities on the tragical fate of Major André, I could not fail to observe the statement by Miss Anna Seward, of a communication on this subject received from General Washington. She first related it briefly in a letter to Miss Ponsonby, of August 9, 1798 (Correspondence, vol. v., p. 142, ed. 1811), and next some three years later, with much more of detail. This last letter was addressed to Mr. Simmons, surgeon, in Manchester, and bears date January 20, 1802 (Correspondence, vol. vi., p. 1, ed. 1811).

Here, then, in its latter form, is the statement that Miss Seward makes:—

"In the first paroxysm of anguish for the fate of my beloved friend,[1] I wrote that Monody under the belief that he was basely murdered, rather than reluctantly sacrificed to the belligerent customs and laws. I have since understood the subject better. General Washington allowed his aid-de-camp to return to England

[1] Major André.

after peace was established and American independence acknowledged; and he commissioned him to see me, and request my attention to the papers he sent for my perusal. Copies of his letters to André, and André's answers, in his own hand, were amongst them. Concern, esteem, and pity were avowed in those of the General, and warm entreaties that he would urge General Clinton to resign Arnold in exchange for himself, as the only means to avert that sacrifice which the laws of war demanded. Major André's letters breathed a spirit of gratitude to General Washington for the interest he took in his preservation, but firmly declined the application to General Clinton. The other papers were minutes of the Court-Martial, from which it appeared that General Washington had laboured to avert the sentence against André, and to soften the circumstances of disguised dress, and those fatal drawings of the enemy's outworks and situation, which placed him in the character of a spy rather than that of a negotiator. The General's next fruitless endeavour was to have obtained the grant of poor André's petition to die a less disgraceful death. His voice, though commander of the American armies, counted but as one on the Court-Martial. General Washington did me the honour to charge his aid-de-camp to assure me that no circumstance of his life had given him so much pain as the necessary sacrifice of André's life; and next to that deplored event, the censure passed upon himself in a poem which he admired, and for which he loved the author."

This story much perplexed me, and I knew not what degree of weight to assign to it. On the one hand, it bears upon its face some most manifest inaccuracies; on the other hand, it comes in direct and positive terms from a lady, no doubt very tiresome, but of irreproachable character. In this dilemma I determined to apply to my friend Mr. Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, being well assured of his thoroughly upright mind, and that no personal or national prepossessions could divert him from the paramount interests of truth. I asked him to ascertain, if possible, to what aid-de-camp of Washington Miss Seward could have referred, and whether the papers of that aid-de-camp might contain anything either to corroborate or contradict her statement.

The following correspondence ensued:—

Mr. Ticknor to Earl Stanhope.

My dear Lord, Boston, April 25, 1855.

. . . . . .

Immediately on receiving your first reference to Miss Seward's letter of January 20, 1802, I read it carefully. It is, no doubt, somewhat more positive and detailed in its statements than the one of August 9, 1798; but it is not more satisfactory to my mind, and is open to all the objections which, I think, are fatal to the first. One point, however, which, with your wonted historical perspicacity, you have hit upon, does much with me to clear up and explain the difficulties

of the case; I mean the fact that, as it was an aid-de-camp of Washington that visited Miss Seward, the person in question must have been Colonel David Humphreys. Now Humphreys, whose home was in Boston during the latter years of his life, was well known to me;—a vain, presuming man, full of pretensions of all sorts, that exposed him to a good deal of ridicule in society, and especially full of pretensions to poetical distinction and to familiarity with literary notabilities in Europe, upon whose regard he founded claims for himself as a poet, which nobody hereabout was disposed to admit. Your mere suggestion of his name, therefore, threw at once a flood of light on the whole affair.

But to come to the point—*à nos moutons*. 1st. Miss S. speaks of Washington having "*allowed* his aid-de-camp to *return* to England," &c., both the underscored words being founded on the natural but very heedless error of looking at the visit wholly from an English point of view. 2. She speaks of "Washington's letters to André" as containing "warm entreaties that he would urge General Clinton to resign Arnold in exchange for himself:"—quite incredible from its absurdity. 3. She says, "Washington laboured to avert the sentence:"—again incredible and out of character. 4. She speaks of "Washington's fruitless endeavour to obtain the grant of poor André's petition to die a less disgraceful death:"—whereas André's petition is addressed only to General Washington, who had full power to grant it, which certainly not all the other officers of the army put together could have done after sentence rendered.

And 5th, and finally, she speaks of Washington as a member of the Court-Martial, and as overruled there:—whereas, everybody knows that he was not a member of it, and that it was within his unquestioned power to reverse or modify its decision to the last moment of poor André's life. He was commander-in-chief.

The only statement, therefore, that seems to need explanation, is the one you have indicated, namely, that the letters of André shown to Miss Seward are said by her to have been in André's "own hand," with which, of course, she ought to have been familiar; since, besides knowing him personally, she had—as I think it appears from her poem—a correspondence with him. Now, it may not be a very gallant thing to say, but after having read a good many of her letters for the purpose of seeing her mode of stating facts, I give up her accuracy. I am not disposed to use about her language so harsh as that used by the inexorable Mr. Croker, but I think he substantially makes out his case. She is not, I am satisfied, a reliable authority; and if you have not lately looked over his notes to the first volume of 'Boswell,'—I mean those about Miss Seward—I think that, on reading them again, you will agree with me. Indeed, as the two letters about Colonel Humphreys' visit to her are so much at variance with the known facts in André's case; as they were written only from recollection, so long after the occurrence of the visit—one being nearly twenty years after it; and as the accuracy of Miss Seward has been impeached on your side of the Atlantic, while, I apprehend, Colonel Humphreys' stands no better here, I must think the

statements of the lady have no proper value as historical testimony.

The widow of Colonel Humphreys, a lady of English extraction, whom he married in Portugal, where her family was established, died in Paris, the wife of a Polish adventurer named Walewski. Before she left this country, however, she entrusted the papers of her first husband to my late excellent and learned friend, John Pickering, son of Washington's Secretary of State. From his family they passed, not long since, into the hands of Mr. L. G. Olmstead, of New York, who is a connection of the Humphreys family, and whom I know a little. Their mass, I understand, is considerable, and they were never opened from the time Mr. Pickering arranged them until it was done by Mr. Olmstead at my request. But he writes me word that nothing in relation to André is to be found among them. I am not disappointed. I do not suppose that Colonel Humphreys, when he made his visit to Miss Seward, had anything but copies of the official papers, which have been known to the world since 1780. These, of course, were not worth preserving after they had served the purpose for which he carried them to England.

Since I began this letter I have read again Sir Samuel Romilly's argument on the case of André, to which I alluded when I last wrote. Pray, when you do me the favour of writing again, tell me what you think of it. The principle can hardly be stated more tersely, and commands the ready assent of several persons of legal eminence here, to whom I have shown it, and who

regard it as one that would be acted upon by a Court-Martial or Court of Law in England.

I remain, my dear Lord, &c.,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

Earl Stanhope to George Ticknor, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR, May 12, 1855.

I owe you many thanks for having so fully weighed the statement of Miss Seward, which I referred to your consideration, and having also been so kind as to make the inquiries which I suggested, to ascertain how far it might be supported by any entry in Colonel Humphreys' papers.

Upon the whole, I think with you, that we must give up the truth of the story. Miss Seward, as I am convinced, meant no deception; but her errors of fact, as you draw them up in array, are really so many and so manifest, that it is impossible to rely upon her accuracy of recollection in the other parts of what she tells. And perhaps the whole thing may be sufficiently explained by the vain and boastful character which you, from your local knowledge, ascribe to Colonel Humphreys.

To raise his own importance in Miss Seward's eyes, he may have assumed a commission from General Washington that he never in truth received, or may have made the most of some few words addressed to him, possibly by Washington at his departure, such as—"If

you see Miss Seward in England, pray explain to her how the matter really stood in André's case."

One most extraordinary feature in the case, which the more I think of the less I understand, is how Washington, with all his military training and experience, could possibly expect and make two separate overtures to obtain the exchange of Arnold for André, since the protection of deserters and *transfuges* is the invariable rule of every service in the world.[1]

I have, as you suggested, referred to and read over the letter of Sir Samuel Romilly on André's case, and venture to think that you attach to it an undue importance. How can you justly claim the authority of that able lawyer and legislator for a familiar effusion to his brother, written when he was but twenty-three years old? What weight would you allow at such an age to an *obiter dictum* of Chancellor Kent, or any other of those great jurists of whom America is justly proud?

But further still, I doubt very much, on considering Romilly's expressions, whether they are meant to denote

---

[1] The case is stated as follows in the more recent Life of André, by Mr. Winthrop Sargent (p. 364, ed. Boston, 1861).

"The idea [of an exchange for Arnold] was cherished at [the American] head-quarters. Greene, it will be seen, suggested it to Robertson; and Washington, without committing himself ostensibly to the proposal, indirectly brought it before Clinton. Simcoe declares that among the letters between the Generals, a paper was slipped in, unsigned, but in Hamilton's writing, saying, 'that the only way to save André was to give up Arnold.'"

Mr. Sargent, in a subsequent passage (p. 374), most fully admits that "it would indeed have been the extreme of baseness in Clinton, under all the circumstances, to have given Arnold up in exchange for André."

any decided opinion of his own, or to do much more than to sum up the argument on both sides, stating the American, perhaps, the more emphatically, because as he observes, they "gave no other reasons" for themselves.

By the way, if you come again to England, as I hope that you may, I will have the pleasure of showing you my copy of these Memoirs of Romilly, which you will find in some of the later passages enriched by notes in pencil on the margin made for me by the Duke of Wellington.

Believe me, &c.,

STANHOPE.

On the general question of the fate of André, I may venture to observe that the views which I expressed in my History of England, though warmly controverted by American writers of the present day, were held, in part at least, by some of the contemporaries and friends of Washington. Here, in proof, is an article on the demise of one of the latest survivors from those times:—

The late Mrs. Alex. Hamilton.

(From the N. Y. Commercial.)

Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, widow of General Alex. Hamilton, died at Washington yesterday. Her remains have been brought to this city, and the funeral services will take place at Trinity Church, to-morrow, at one o'clock.

Mrs. Hamilton was the daughter of General Philip Schuyler, and was born in the city of Albany, in the building known as "The Old Schuyler Mansion." She was married to General Hamilton, in the same city, in December, 1780. At the time of the marriage, Hamilton was one of the aides of General Washington, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was just completing his twenty-fourth year. Mrs. Hamilton has survived her husband a little more than fifty years.

All our readers will remember the fate of Major André. About two months before the marriage of General Hamilton, he wrote the following letter to Miss Schuyler, which shows his strong dissent from the decree of the Court-Martial as to the manner in which André was to expiate his crime. The 'Boston Transcript,' when publishing this letter, said, "it shows that Hamilton was against the harsh decision, and it is well known that a majority of these officers themselves, catching the wide-spread sympathy of the hour, were inclined to revoke the sentence, had it not been for the counter and too ascendant influence of Greene and Lafayette."

Colonel Hamilton to Miss Schuyler.

[Extract.]

Head-Quarters of the Army,
Tappan, Oct. 2, 1780.

. . . . . .

Poor André suffers to-day. Everything that is amiable in virtue, in fortitude, in delicate sentiment, and accomplished manners, pleads for him; but hard-

hearted policy calls for a sacrifice. He must die. I send you my account of Arnold's affair; and, to justify myself to your sentiments, I must inform you that I urged a compliance with André's request to be shot, and I do not think it would have had an ill effect. But some people are only sensible to motives of policy, and sometimes, from a narrow disposition, mistake it.

When André's tale comes to be told, and present resentment is over, the refusing him the privilege of choosing the manner of his death will be branded with too much obstinacy.

It was proposed to me to suggest to him the idea of an exchange for Arnold; but I knew I should have forfeited his esteem by doing it, and therefore declined it. As a man of honour, he could not but reject it; and I would not for the world have proposed to him a thing which must have placed me in the unamiable light of supposing him capable of meanness, or of not feeling myself the impropriety of the measure. I confess to you I had the weakness to value the esteem of a dying man, because I reverenced his merit.

This extract was kindly communicated to me by my friend, the Hon. W. B. Reed, of Philadelphia, in a letter dated December 16, 1854. I do not remember to have seen that letter of General Hamilton's before, and I think it of importance in weighing the question at issue. S.

MR. PITT'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH EARL TEMPLE.

1783.

THESE letters, with many others of historical value which had been long preserved at Stowe, and which had never been published, were disposed of by public sale at Messrs. Puttick's auction rooms in August, 1862, when I had the good fortune to secure the best part of the collection. S.

Dowager Countess of Chatham to Earl Temple.

Burton Pynsent,
MY DEAR LORD, June 21, 1783.

My sensibility from the expressions of your very kind letter on my own subject, and the circumstance of that agreement in sentiment between yourself and my son William, will not admit of my being satisfied without assuring you of the very great happiness I receive from it. You will not have wanted these lines to have persuaded you of my feelings upon it, as you have given me the pleasure of knowing you was perfectly acquainted with my wishes, which have, indeed, invariably been such as you believe them. Union in families is strength, and private happiness, if it fails of

obtaining public happiness, which sooner or later I believe it generally does, where there is ability to frame the necessary plans. I have vanity sufficient to think that there is enough to be found for that end in those whom I am happy enough to claim as belonging to me. You will, I flatter myself, excuse a trouble which you owe entirely to the impression made upon me by finding the wish of my heart accomplished by that union which I trust will be too strongly cemented for the changes of a political course ever to dissolve. I beg my affectionate compliments to Lady Temple and Mr. William, and desire, my dear Lord, you will believe me, most truly,

Your most obliged and affectionate,

HESTER CHATHAM.

I have writ in haste, forgive mistakes.

Mr. Pitt to Earl Temple.

Saville Street,
Sunday, July 20, 1783.

MY DEAR LORD,

I found a note from Lord Thurlow on Friday, desiring to call upon me yesterday. I had a long conversation with him, of which it would be difficult to give a full detail, but from the leading parts of it, your Lordship will easily judge of the result. Almost in the beginning of it he told me that he had been at the Levee the day before, and (as he added in the course of the conversation) in the King's closet, having imagined

(he said), from some words the King dropped at the Levee, that His Majesty wished to talk to him. He represented, however, their conversation to have been quite general, though he acknowledged it to have been very long; and said that by what he collected from it the King had not altered his sentiments with regard to his present Ministry. He affected to treat it as if his audience had had no particular view, and had been in a manner casual. I am persuaded, however, from all the circumstances, and from some parts which he glanced at occasionally, that it was much more particular than he chose to state; and his having appointed me for Saturday, and then seen the King on Friday, confirms that opinion.

In different parts of his conversation he expressed very strongly, as he has so often before, the necessity of a stable government; but at the same time threw out doubts whether objections to particular persons being brought forward might not be in the way of it. He also dropped, in a passing way, and at separate times, that the King had no insight into the means of forming a Government; that his directly turning out his Ministers was different from their resigning or being pressed in Parliament; and that the King had gone through the worst in the struggle which ended in bringing them in. Yet he said, when I hinted that they might succeed in their endeavour to reconcile the King to them, that the King could never forgive their conduct; and mentioned as an instance, Mr. Fox's language in the House of Commons relative to the Prince of Wales's establishment, of

which the King, he said, had expressed his resentment to him the day before. When I endeavoured to learn from him what part Lord Gower or Lord Weymouth would be disposed to take, he studiously declined particulars. His principal object seemed to be to turn the conversation on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, and of the influence of the Crown, especially the latter. He went into a great deal of general speculation, but without much pledging his own opinion, and seeming to take every way of sounding whether any ground would be gained for the Crown on that article.

Your Lordship will form your judgment on these particulars, though related so much more shortly than they passed. They struck me as a full proof that Lord Thurlow's object was to insinuate that a change was not so necessary to the King, and to endeavour to make it (if it should take place) rather our act than his, and on that ground to try whether terms might not be imposed that could not otherwise. This is so totally contrary to every idea we both entertain, that I thought it necessary to take full care to counteract it. I stated in general, that if the King's feelings did not point strongly to a change, it was not what we sought; but that if they did, and we could form a permanent system, consistent with our principles, and on public grounds, we should not decline it. I reminded him how much I was personally pledged to Parliamentary Reform on the principles I had publicly explained, which I should support on every seasonable occasion. I treated as out of the question any idea of measures being taken to extend influence, though such means as are fairly in

the hands of Ministers would undoubtedly be to be exerted; and I said that I wished those with whom I might act, and the King (if he called upon me), to be fully apprized of the grounds on which I should necessarily proceed. He received all I said extremely well; and though much of his discourse seemed to aim at instilling other ideas, he never directly objected to what I stated. He ended our interview with expressing an earnest wish that the King might get rid of the present Ministry, and seemed anxious to see me again before he goes abroad, which he still talks of doing next week. I have fixed to dine with him on Tuesday, when I shall probably hear more on these subjects.

My opinion at present is, that though he was sounding to see whether something might not be formed more on the foundation of the old politics of the Court, he will see that that is out of the question; but that such a Government may, nevertheless, be formed as will be justly much more acceptable to the King than the present. I think, therefore, what has passed will not tend to delay our having the offer whenever things are ripe for it. I hope, too, that it has tended to put the business on such a ground as can alone make it advisable or honourable; and I flatter myself I shall have the happiness to find that it strikes your Lordship in the same manner.

I am ever, my dear Lord, &c.,

W. PITT.

Earl Temple to Mr. Pitt.[1]

Stowe,
MY DEAR SIR, July 21, 1783.

Nothing can be more clear than the whole of your detail of the conversation with Lord Thurlow, and your conclusions drawn from it. He has spoken much of this from himself, as the whole tenour of his language is perfectly congenial with his feelings, but the great outline was clearly drawn in the closet on Friday. The King, I have no doubt, is in earnest, so is his Lordship; but they both wish to try that which is perfectly natural, namely, how far concessions may be gained from us upon points which press hard upon that general system under which they formerly governed. To the Parliamentary Reform you are pledged whenever there is a reasonable prospect of success, and from that you cannot recede with the fair fame which I ever wish to you.

As to the other reform, the great objects have been missed, and some parts have not done credit to the reformers, and possibly (with the best intentions) the experiment is hazardous if carried at once to its utmost extent; but whatever we may think upon time or mode, I am most clearly and decisively of opinion that we cannot be too explicit in our refusal to engage in government upon the avowed or implied system of replacing in the hands of the Crown that influence which has been already taken from it, excepting in any instance (if such there be) where an improper new

[1] There was no copy of this letter in the Stowe Collection as put up for sale in 1862; but the original is among the papers left by Mr. Pitt.

arrangement may make a change necessary, not for influence, but for the proper administration of each department; and even this last exception should be kept out of sight, in order that no superstructure may be built by Lord Thurlow upon it. The idea of the change originating in an offer or in an eagerness from us cannot be allowed; nor do I see the necessity of it, as I think it clear that the King is in earnest, and that he is not more anxious than Lord Thurlow. What then is his object? Not to continue his present Ministry; not to patch one with Lord North and the old Government, who cannot now undertake it even with Lord Thurlow and Lord Gower; not to depend solely upon Lord Gower. What then is his alternative? The very arrangement which he now has in view, but which he will endeavour to bring as near as possible to his ideas; and a strong proof of it is the affected mystery with which Lord Thurlow held back the opinions of Lord Gower and Lord Weymouth, which to me, upon a former occasion, he quoted at every moment, and particularly entered into the specification of the kind of office for Lord Gower; and ridiculous as the reason may appear, it seems to me that he keeps that name back, for fear of pledging his Lordship too far in a business which he probably now thinks nearer than it was when he first spoke.

However, be all this as it may, our line cannot admit of a moment's doubt; and you have seized it precisely as I knew you would, with clearness and with credit, by holding out an inclination to accept in proper circumstances any offer from His Majesty; but by disavowing

any impatience, which just inverts the ground upon which we can best stand. One thing only I wish to be stated, if you approve it; and if you have any delicacy as to yourself, it may be stated as my language to you, namely, the very essential difference between an offer made now, with the means of strengthening ourselves, or hereafter, in a moment of distress, to His Majesty, and of equal difficulty to those upon whom he calls: increased likewise by the inference which individuals will draw from the countenance given to the present Ministry even of one hour from the moment in which he can dismiss them. This may be urged totally distinct from any idea of impatience, and I think that (upon the supposition that your conversation will be repeated) we owe it to the King not to conceal what makes so capital a part of our creed, and particularly in a moment when the inclination to change is palpable, although it is wished to transfer the first movements from the King, from whom they really proceed, to us, who are in fact his only resource.

As to the observations drawn from Lord Thurlow's account of the King's language, I admit them to be strong; but if his Lordship had not stated them, I would have trusted human nature, and peculiarly that of His Majesty, for the continuance of his feelings upon the subject of his present Ministers. I would not therefore, in conversation with Lord Thurlow, admit of any merit from this perseverance as partial or flattering to us; and still less would I give to Lord Thurlow any clue by which His Majesty is to have an insight into a future Ministry. If this is to be a negotiation, let it be

avowed; and in whatever manner it is conveyed, the answer in general may return by the same channel, but the particulars can be settled only personally with the King; and you sufficiently remember what passed between Lord Shelburne and Lord Rockingham in March, 1782, not to be very cautious upon anything which may give that light which must be the consequence and not the cause of a negotiation; and if after all this explanation Lord Thurlow runs away to Spa, or declines engaging further, I must think that the King's line is marked, and that he will get through the summer, and leave the change to be forced in Parliament; a system which you will not think very likely to prevail in his mind.

Under all these circumstances, all we can do is *voir venir*, taking every means to undeceive the King as to any idea of our changing our system for that which, as an individual, has no charms for me, further than as I am acting with you. My groom, who carries this letter, has orders to wait for your answer, which will probably be very short, as I cannot think that Lord Thurlow will open further till he sees clearly that he cannot succeed in the game which he is now playing. Adieu, my dear Pitt, believe me, with the truest regard, and affection founded upon esteem,

Most sincerely yours,

NUGENT TEMPLE.

Mr. Pitt to Earl Temple.

Saville Street,

MY DEAR LORD, Tuesday, July 22, 1783, ½ past 9.

I am extremely obliged to you for your letter, and truly happy in the confirmation you give me of the sentiments I entertained. Nothing has passed at Lord Thurlow's to-day. We had company at dinner, and though I have stayed pretty late, he showed no disposition to find an opportunity for private conversation, and of course I did not endeavour to force it. All he threw out in table-talk looked as if he was eager for a change (of which indeed there can be no doubt), and therefore I imagine his seeking no further explanation at present may proceed from his not having been able yet to report our last conversation and have an answer. If anything serious is intended, he will contrive to resume the subject before he goes abroad, of which he still talks, but loosely. Be it as it may, I am completely satisfied with the ground we are upon, feeling that I agree with your Lordship in every particular. I see no difficulty, if anything further passes, in stating, what is most true, the disadvantage of any considerable delay if the King means to press a change at all before the meeting of Parliament. I may possibly be able to give your Lordship more information before long, for I think Lord Thurlow cannot go without some further explanation. I am, with the greatest truth and esteem,

Ever faithfully yours,

W. PITT.

Mr. Pitt to Earl Temple.

Burton Pynsent,
MY DEAR LORD, Wednesday, August 27, 1783.

The party at Stowe has on every account too many attractions, not to make me truly desirous of fulfilling the engagement you are so good as to remind me of. If I am a little doubtful whether I can be quite as punctual as I wish, it is from a scheme which I have some time had in view, and which I think I may possibly not soon find another opportunity of executing. I wish during an idle interval to employ a few weeks in France, merely for the purpose of being a little more used to the sound of French, and I think, till some time in October, I may absent myself from England without any inconvenience, especially as I shall never be out of reach of a very few days' journey. I hope to be back about the time that my brother and Lord Sydney propose themselves the pleasure of being with you; but in such a case one cannot precisely answer for a day. I believe I shall be in town this day sennight, and shall stay there two or three days before I set out. If your Lordship should have any commands for me, will you have the goodness to direct the letter to Lord Sydney's, in Albemarle Street?

I have no news since I saw you, and the season of the year makes the prospect more certain till winter. I am extremely glad of the account you give me of the person you had an opportunity of seeing. Another person of the same lineage (about whom we had much conversation) is returned from France, as I hear, in very

good general disposition, but I have neither seen him nor heard anything of his particular wishes. If my time would easily allow it, I would certainly endeavour to have the pleasure of seeing you at Stowe before I cross the water. Should you have anything which you think of consequence to say, and which cannot be conveyed by letter, I will certainly do it yet, though I wish to delay my departure as little as possible.

My mother and all the party here desire me to present their most affectionate compliments, to which allow me to add mine, as well as theirs, to Lady Temple, and to assure you that I am, with the utmost truth,

Your most faithful and affectionate,

W. PITT.

Mr. Pitt to Earl Temple.

MY DEAR LORD, Wednesday, Sept. 10, 1783.

I had intended to write by Mr. Froggatt, who, I understood, was to set out to Stowe this morning, but wishing not to close my letter till I have been at the Levee, I shall leave it to be sent by the stage. I have been very much disappointed in not meeting your brother, with whom I was anxious to have had some conversation, and to have learnt more particularly your ideas before I proceed on my tour. I was unfortunately detained in the country till after he had left town, and the interval is so short that I have not a day to spare conveniently. I am very well satisfied in my own mind that no material event can now take place before

the meeting of Parliament. The conclusion of the Treaty [1] certainly removes a great obstacle; but if the King's intentions had depended on that contingency, they would, I am persuaded, have been notified to us before. Lord Thurlow's absence, who is not yet expected, is another strong circumstance, and indeed the period of the year has itself now rendered a change almost impracticable.

I am still inclined to believe, from the circumstances and the little I have picked up since I saw your Lordship (which is merely from casual expressions of Lord Hood, who, as you know, has been very much at Windsor), that the King does not like to hazard dismissing the present Ministry till he has found some ostensible ground of complaint, or till he sees the disposition of Parliament next Session; and there is probably also some view, as we have for some time supposed, to the terms on which new arrangements would be formed. This will make the opening of the Session of infinite importance and delicacy. I shall certainly be in England time enough to concert fully with your Lordship whatever may then appear right. It seems to me essential that we should attempt nothing in Parliament but upon the strongest ground. If the delay of the definitive Treaty, and the inconvenience of so long a suspense, has produced no adequate good, and the Treaty of Commerce continues unsettled (of neither of which I have learnt any particulars), they

[1] Definitive Treaty of Peace with France and America, signed at Versailles on the 3rd of September.

will have nothing to boast in their negotiations; and the same domestic system of protecting abuses in office, and in the administration of public money, will, I doubt not, continue. If it does, the field is open. I conclude they can find no means of fortifying themselves further, if the King continues firm in the refusal of peerages, on which I think almost everything depends. I mean to return by about the 20th of October. If you should have the goodness to write to me in the meantime, in case anything arises, a letter sent to Hayes will be forwarded to me.

I am just returned from St. James's, where nothing passed very particular. The King was gracious as usual, and he inquired as to the time of my stay, in a manner which I rather thought significant. I have wearied your Lordship with a long letter. I shall look forward with impatience to the pleasure of seeing you at Stowe, which, if you give me leave, I shall make the first place after my return.

I am ever, my dear Lord,

Yours faithfully and affectionately,

W. PITT.

I am setting out immediately.[1]

[1] On this day, accordingly, Mr. Pitt set out for France in company with Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Eliot; and he landed again at Dover on the 24th of October.

Mr. Pitt to Earl Temple.

Thursday night,
Oct. 30, 1783.

My dear Lord,

I am again upon English ground, and regret very much that I am too late to join the party at Stowe. I should still be tempted to break in upon you for a day or two, but as I find we are to have the pleasure of seeing you in town soon, and I know nothing that passes at present, I believe that I may find it of use not to quit the neighbourhood of London. I will not anticipate, especially by the post, the many subjects we shall have to talk of when we meet; though I shall be very ready to satisfy the curiosity of Ministers in due time. In the interval I shall wait impatiently for your arrival, and shall be happy to receive your commands if anything should occur to you before that time. I am in a house my brother has taken in Berkeley Square. I am, my dear Lord,

Most faithfully and affectionately yours,

W. Pitt.

Mr. Pitt to Earl Temple.

Tuesday
(Dec. 23, 1783, morning).

My dear Lord,

It has been decided still to try whether we can fill up the offices, and to take our chance, such as it is, in the House of Commons. What that is, the event must show us, if we succeed so far as to make an

arrangement. I will call upon you the first moment I can. Ever, my dear Lord,

Most affectionately yours,

W. PITT.

Mr. Pitt to Earl Temple.

Berkeley Square, Tuesday, 5 o'clock
(Dec. 23, 1783, afternoon).

MY DEAR LORD,

I called just now to tell you that we have taken the step of filling up the offices. Lord Sydney and Lord Carmarthen have taken the Seals, and the Duke of Rutland Privy Seal, for how many days or weeks remains to be seen.[1] I wish extremely to see you, and will take my chance of calling again in the course of the evening.

Ever most faithfully and affectionately yours,

W. P.

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[1] It proved to be not for days or weeks, but for years—and seventeen of them, so far as Mr. Pitt was concerned.

THE ENGLISH FRIENDS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1792.

THE following Letters, derived from the originals at Chevening, may serve to illustrate the correspondence at an interesting period between the English *Amis de la Révolution* (then very few in number) and their leading allies in France. It will be seen, how from a short-sighted and one-sided but not ungenerous enthusiasm, these gentlemen had become on many points the dupes of their own hopes. It will be seen, how all through the early months of 1792, and on the very verge of such tremendous excesses as the triumph of the populace on the 20th of June—the butchery of the Swiss Guards and the arrest of the Royal Family on the 10th of August—or the massacres in the prisons of Paris in the first days of September—they still continued to pour forth the most confident predictions of security, order, and good government.

Nor will it be overlooked how deep and fierce was at this time the hatred of the priests.

Of the writers in this correspondence, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt found it necessary to make his escape from France only a few months afterwards. He proceeded to America, and subsequently published, in eight volumes, an account of his travels in that country.

He became a member of the *Corps Législatif* under Napoleon, and a Peer of France under Louis XVIII., and he died in 1827, at the age of fourscore.

M. Français de Nantes greatly modified in after life the opinions which these letters express. He supported the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic Religion in France. He accepted from Napoleon the title of *Comte de l'Empire* and the office of *Directeur-Général des Droits Réunis.* In 1814 the Comte Français lost his place, but in 1831 he was made a Peer of France by Louis Philippe, and he survived till 1836.

Etienne Dumont, of Geneva, is well known to the present age by his Commentaries upon Bentham, and still better by his 'Recollections of Mirabeau.' "All the former Mirabeaus," says Lord Macaulay, "were daubs in comparison." This most agreeable work was not published till 1832, three years after the author's death.

It is striking to observe in M. Dumont's letter of June, 1792, that, even after the events on the 20th of that month, and when there were so many symptoms full in view of the coming anarchy, men of high intelligence could still employ themselves in calmly weighing lesser changes in the administration of the law.

S.

Le Duc de la Rochefoucauld (Liancourt) au Comte Stanhope.

My Lord, Paris, 14 janvier, 1792.

J'ai bien reconnu, dans les deux lettres que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire les 18 et 22 décembre,

les sentimens qui vous animent toujours pour la cause de la liberté et de l'humanité. A ces deux titres la Révolution Française a excité et mérite votre intérêt. Vous en avez suivi les progrès, et si vous avez reconnu et blâmé quelques fautes dans la marche et dans les opérations de l'Assemblée Constituante, le général de ses travaux a reçu votre approbation.

Vous avez été surtout frappé des maux que pouvait entraîner l'intolérance religieuse qui n'était point dans les principes de notre Assemblée mais à laquelle elle s'était laissée entraîner en croyant servir par là la cause de la liberté. Vous avez vu que l'Assemblée nouvelle s'y livrait encore davantage; et tout en approuvant la pétition de quelques membres du département de Paris, vous avez craint qu'il ne résultât de ces oppositions manifestes de principes une fermentation fâcheuse. Vous avez cherché les moyens de l'apaiser, et ceux que vous avez fournis sont très-bons; mais comme d'autres événements ont détourné l'attention publique de dessus les prêtres, il a paru raisonnable de ne pas l'y reporter, et de remettre à un autre temps à profiter de vos vues, si les principes de liberté en ce genre ont encore besoin d'un voile léger.

Je ne vous entretiendrai pas plus longtemps, parceque vous aurez pour vous donner sur ce sujet et sur beaucoup d'autres tous les détails que vous pourrez désirer beaucoup mieux qu'une lettre, puisque la mienne vous sera remise par M. de Talleyrand, auteur de la pétition, et dont le nom n'a pas besoin d'être accompagné d'une recommandation. Il désire avoir l'honneur de vous connaître, et je suis bien sûr que ce désir sera

réciproque de votre part. C'est un homme dont les lumières ont été les plus utiles à la Révolution. Vous le trouverez persuadé d'une grande verité qui ne vous est point étrangère, que les intérêts de l'Angleterre et de la France ne sont point contraires, et qu'au moment où la politique des cours cédera la place à la politique des nations les deux peuples, qui ont le plus de raisons de s'estimer, s'alliéront, et procureront par cette alliance la paix au monde. Puisse ce moment s'accélérer; et peut-être la situation actuelle des affaires en Europe serait-elle propice à diriger nos deux Gouvernements vers ce but désirable.

M. de Talleyrand serait très-propre à être l'organe d'une pareille négociation si votre Ministère paraissait disposé à l'entamer de bonne foi, et sans doute vous concourriez à une aussi belle œuvre, si vous croyez qu'elle pût s'effectuer. Beaucoup d'esprits ici commencent à croire qu'elle n'est pas impossible.

Agréez, my Lord, etc.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

M. Français (de Nantes) au Comte Stanhope.

MY LORD, Paris, 23 février, 1792.

J'espère que vous aurez reçu la réponse que j'ai eu l'honneur de vous adresser à Seven oak, Kent.

Je ne doute pas que des malveillants n'exagèrent beaucoup l'embarras de notre position pour écarter la proposition de nos envoyés auprès de votre Cabinet. La nation Française éprouve actuellement une crise; mais

telle est la vigueur de ce malade que je suis très-persuadé que le premier coup de canon va lui donner une énergie prodigieuse, et réunir tous les partis dans un effort commun. Le peuple s'est élevé à une telle hauteur, et il sent tellement la dignité de sa nouvelle existence, que nul effort humain ne pourra le forcer de reculer. On se chicane actuellement sur des principes plus ou moins exagérés, mais dans le danger tout le monde sera d'accord. Nous avons au moins deux millions de soldats. Nos biens nationaux s'élèvent à plus de trois milliards, et paieront à peu près notre dette. Les retards dans le recouvrement des impôts proviennent du système trop compliqué adopté par le Corps Constituant, de la nécessité de former un nouveau cadastre de toutes les terres. Mais partout où les rôles sont faits on paie, et l'on paie un tiers de moins que sous l'ancien régime. Notre commerce absolument paralysé par la subversion de nos colonies, se relèvera aussitôt que les blancs et les gens de couleur seront d'accord, et c'est à quoi nous travaillons. Enfin nos maux ne sont que momentanés. Ils sont l'effet de la plus grande secousse politique que jamais aucune nation ait éprouvée, mais les biens qui en doivent résulter seront durables, et ils ont pour base certaine l'intérêt évident des 19-20èmes de la nation. On est généralement persuadé en France qu'il vaut mieux périr que de reculer ; et l'Assemblée Nationale en donnera l'exemple.

Daignez, Milord, soutenir l'honneur de notre nation contre ses détracteurs, qui nous jugent sur des gazettes Ministérielles, qui peignent comme des anthropophages le peuple qui, environné de dangers et au milieu de la

rage de ses ennemis, se montre le peuple le plus doux de l'Europe.

Je suis, avec respect, etc.,

FRANÇAIS,
Député de la Loire Inférieure.

Le Comte Stanhope à M. Français (de Nantes).

Mansfield Street,
MONSIEUR, à Londres, ce 6 mars, 1792.

J'ai reçu la lettre du 23 février que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire; elle m'a fait un grand plaisir. Rien ne peut m'en faire d'avantage que de recevoir de bonnes nouvelles de votre grande et admirable Révolution, et je me sentirai toujours très-obligé aux personnes qui m'en donneront.

J'ai aussi reçu votre précédente lettre, qui m'était adressée à ma campagne en Kent; et je suis charmé que mes idées sur vos prêtres, que je vous ai exprimé dans ma longue lettre, aient mérité l'approbation de quelques-uns des plus respectables membres de votre digne Assemblée Nationale.

Il y a environ huit jours que je fis un discours dans la Chambre des Pairs sur la conduite des Ministres par digne rapport à la Russie.

J'y ai introduit les affaires de France, et je les ai mis dans un point de vue différent de ceux qui ont précédemment traité cette matière. Mr. Paine et quelques autres écrivains ont eu la maladresse de tâcher de faire croire que le succès de votre Révolution en France serait la chute de notre Constitution en Angleterre. Ils vous

ont créé par là des ennemis nombreux qui autrement ne le seraient pas. Je ne crois pas leur idée bien fondée, vû que nous sommes déjà libres, que l'Angleterre est à présent, comme vous le savez, le pays le plus riche de l'Europe, et qui prospère le plus, et qui (le climat à part) est actuellement le plus heureux. J'ai exposé au Parlement un principe tout contraire à celui de Mr. Paine. Je leur ai représenté que votre Révolution, suivie d'une alliance entre la France et l'Angleterre, nous assurerait la paix, et par là une augmentation de prospérité qui produirait par conséquent un degré de contentement chez la nation qui tendrait à préserver notre Constitution. Qu'au contraire, notre Constitution aurait à risquer, si l'ancien et absurde système de guerre réprenait, vû les dépenses ruineuses que ce système détestable entraîne, et que tout ce que nous aurions le plus à craindre serait l'établissement en France d'un gouvernement sous des auspices Autrichiens, Russes, ou autres auspices étrangèrs quelconques.

J'ai parlé du désir des amis de votre nouvelle Constitution en France d'être liés avec les Anglais, et qu'une telle alliance assurerait aux deux pays la prospérité pendant des siècles; et que nous devions nous servir en votre faveur en ce moment de notre influence envers toutes les nations.

Ce discours a été accueilli par des vifs applaudissements dans les différentes parties de la Chambre. J'espère (malgré tous les obstacles) de voir un jour nos deux nations unies par des liens indissolubles; et je ne cesserai de travailler pour cela.

Je vois dans le Logographe No. 150 que Monsieur

Hausseman a proposé dans votre Assemblée un établissement national pour le dépôt des assignats. Je suis charmé de voir que l'honorable membre ait agité cette question importante. Il propose en surplus qu'on puisse y deposer des monnaies, des ingots d'or et d'argent, et des pierres précieuses. Je doute fort si, en cela, il a raison. Voudrez-vous bien faire et à lui et à M. Condorcet une seule observation, à savoir, le danger de créer par là une grande tentation à une populace, dans un moment de crise, de venir attaquer et piller le dit dépôt ; au lieu que dans mes lettres à M. Condorcet, je proposais qu'on n'y tînt que des livres. Il n'y aurait pas même d'inconvénient d'y tenir des assignats, parceque par le moyen du feu, ou par des moyens chimiques, on pourrait subitement détruire les assignats, et empêcher par là que des insurgents ne s'en emparent. Ce n'en est pas de même des autres articles susdits. Et par rapport aux livres, on devrait en avoir une copie exacte portée chaque jour à quelqu'autre endroit de sûreté.

Permettez que je vous entretienne encore une fois sur la question des prêtres non-assermentés. Nul homme dans aucun pays ne peut regarder avec plus de respect ni avec plus de vénération que je ne le fais la plupart des étonnants travaux de l'Assemblée Nationale Constituante. Quels efforts n'ont-ils pas fait! Que de tyrannies n'ont-ils pas renversé, et en si peu de temps, et avec si peu de moyens! Et que de vérités n'ont-ils pas développé!

Ils ont fait presque tout pour l'établissement d'une constitution libre, lorsqu'ils ont fait armer les patriotes,

et qu'ils ont éclairé le peuple sur ses droits et sur les vrais intérêts de leur patrie. En parlant d'une Assemblée qui a si bien mérité la reconnaissance, non seulement de la France mais de l'Univers, qu'il me soit, pourtant, permis de dire qu'elle a fait une faute importante, et que cette faute peut, et devrait, être corrigée par votre digne Assemblée Législative. L'intolérance religieuse n'était pas dans les principes de l'Assemblée Constituante, mais, en général, tout au contraire ; et si elle s'y est laissée entraîner une seule fois, en croyant servir la cause de la liberté, le succès n'ayant pas justifié en cela l'opinion qu'elle a formé, on ne saurait trop vite rectifier cette erreur, en revenant à cet égard sur ses pas, et en recourant avec confiance et avec certitude aux règles fondamentales de la justice, que l'on ne devrait jamais perdre de vue, pas même pour un instant.

J'ai maintenu un jour, dans le Parlement d'Angleterre, les deux propositions suivantes, et je les maintiendrai partout. Elles s'appliquent à la France comme à l'Angleterre ; elles sont communes à tous les pays :—

1. Que nulle Assemblée, soit Législative soit Constituante, ne peut avoir aucune autorité que celle qui émane de la nation qu'elle représente, et que cette autorité ne saurait jamais être, en aucun cas, plus grande que celle que la nation aurait le droit d'exercer si la nation (au lieu d'agir par des représentants) agissait par elle-même.

2. Qu'aucune nation, même agissante par elle-même, ne peut avoir le droit de contraindre les individus qui la composent que sur les objets seulement qui font

partie du Contrat Social, c'est-à-dire, sur les objets purement civils, et sur les objets purement politiques. Mais la religion n'étant point un devoir d'Anglais à Anglais, ni de Français à Français, ni de citoyen à l'Etat, ni de citoyen à citoyen, aucune nation, même agissante par elle-même, n'a le droit d'exiger d'aucun individu qui qu'il soit de faire aucun acte à l'égard de la religion qui peut être contraire à la conscience timorée du dit individu. Voilà les principes sacrés de la liberté religieuse.

Le Japon ou la Chine ne sont pas plus hors des limites de toutes les jurisdictions Européennes, que la conscience en matière de foi n'est entièrement hors des limites de la jurisdiction légitime de toutes les nations et de tous les gouvernements quelconques. Et comme il est du devoir de tout peuple, en faisant des loix, de se restreindre scrupuleusement à ses propres limites territoriales, de même il est du devoir de toutes les nations (et par conséquent du devoir de tout corps qui représente un peuple) de ne faire des loix compulsatoires que sur les vrais objets du Contrat Social, et non point sur des matières qui lui sont parfaitement étrangères. Ce n'est pas à la fin du dix-huitième siècle que l'on doit douter d'une vérité aussi évidente.

Or l'Assemblée Constituante a décrété que les prêtres prêteraient serment de maintenir la Constitution, tandis qu'il y a dans la Constitution de certaines choses qui affectent leur croyance religieuse, et auxquelles ils font mal à propos (et si vous le voulez absurdement) des objections. Mais pourquoi un tel serment pour des prêtres ? A mes yeux il est souverainement ridicule.

Heureusement le dit décret ne fait point partie de la Constitution, et c'est avec un plaisir le plus grand que j'ai appris que des prêtres non-assermentés à Paris, et qui ont beaucoup d'influence parmi les autres prêtres non-assermentés, avaient expressement déclaré qu'ils prêteraient un serment d'obéir à la Constitution, ce qu'ils regardent comme un devoir passif, mais ils croyent (ou pretendent de croire) que c'est un devoir en eux de refuser le serment de maintenir la Constitution, ce qu'ils regardent comme une promesse de faire une chose active. Si c'est là leur langage vous ne devriez point hésiter de changer le dit serment pour eux. Vous avez dans votre Assemblée des hommes respectables par leurs talents et leurs lumières, M. Condorcet, M. Vaublanc, M. Lemontey, M. Gaudet, &c. Pourquoi ne pas assembler douze à quinze hommes pareils pour les consulter?

Le Veto a paralysé vos décrets sur les prêtres. Vous n'auriez sûrement pas de Veto pour le changement de la loi que je vous propose.

Le grand bien qui en résulterait serait de vous donner un moyen de distinguer les bons prêtres qui sont seulement bigots, des méchants perturbateurs aristocratiques, qui ne se servent de la religion que comme un masque hypocrite pour en imposer au peuple. Ce n'est pas à vous, Monsieur, à qui il peut être nécessaire de parler de l'importance de cet objet. Je frémis de penser aux massacres qui vont avoir lieu dans vos paroisses ignorantes, si vous avez la guerre; massacres qui auront la religion ou pour raison ou pour prétexte.

Commencez par vous ranger du côté de la plus scrupuleuse justice: ôtez à tous les prêtres le droit d'en-

régistrer les naissances, les mariages, et les morts; séparez nettement la religion en tout de vos disputes sur les matières politiques, et vous pouvez alors (mais seulement alors) sévir avec force contre tous les perturbateurs du repos public quel que soit le masque qu'ils pourront porter.

Si vous êtes aussi philosophes en France que nous croyons que vous l'êtes, vous devez savoir qu'une Constitution libre n'est jamais si bien affermie que quand on a séparé la liberté civile des disputes sur la théologie. Il faut toujours distinguer votre liberté politique des tracasseries sacerdotales; car la vile superstition va passer comme un songe; mais les droits des hommes, les principes de la justice, le bon sens, et la philosophie sont immuables, et seront éternels.

Votre vœu, comme le mien, c'est l'affermissement de votre liberté; je dois donc vous dire la vérité avec franchise, car c'est en le faisant que je vous montrerai le mieux le respect que j'ai pour vous.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, très parfaitement, Monsieur, etc.,

STANHOPE.

M. Français (de Nantes) au Comte Stanhope.

MY LORD, A Paris, 3 avril de l'an 4 (1792).

J'ai l'honneur de vous adresser mes remercîments pour l'excellent ouvrage de M. Mackintosh,[1] qui vient d'être traduit dans notre langue, ainsi que les Voyages du même auteur. J'espère que vous lirez avec quelque

[1] Vindiciæ Gallicæ.

plaisir l'ouvrage de M. Lacretelle, mon collègue, qui vous fera connaître notre position, quoique la timidité naturelle de l'auteur en ait beaucoup exagéré l'embarras. Vous y trouverez, je l'espère, des vues philosophiques, et l'esprit d'analyse, revêtues d'un style brillant et animé. Vous serez surpris qu'un écrivain de ce mérite reste muet à l'Assemblée. Mais notre salle est d'une construction si vicieuse, et l'impétuosité des mouvements y est telle, que l'audace appuyée d'une voix sonore y prévaut souvent sur le génie auquel il manque un organe physique. Il n'existe plus en France heureusement d'autre aristocratie que celle des fortes poitrines.

J'ai lu avec un grand plaisir le second ouvrage de Thomas Paine.[1] Mettant à part son système de république, et le tort qu'il a de ne pas tenir compte de la différence qui existe entre les Américains et les Français, je ne puis m'empêcher de considérer son auteur comme l'un des premiers génies de l'Europe. Ses productions ont quelque chose d'original et de sauvage; comme les forêts Américaines, où se développèrent les premiers germes de son génie. J'ai lu avec le même plaisir, dans le 'Morning Chronicle,' vos opinions dans la Chambre Haute. Nous sommes persuadés, qu'en dépit des intrigues des Cours, la force des choses, l'analogie des sentiments, des lumières, et des gouvernements ameneront à la longue l'union des deux peuples. M. Sheridan a prononcé sur le 'Russian armament' un discours qui était tout nerf, et digne de ce pseudonyme, qui, sous le nom de *Junius Brutus*, fit tant de peine au

[1] The second part of the 'Rights of Man.'

Duc de Grafton. Nous ne pouvons concevoir en France que votre Parlement soit si indulgent envers vos Ministres, et que le Reis Effendi Dundas l'emporte toujours sur les vrais amis du peuple.

Je vous supplie, My Lord, de ne point m'attribuer l'opinion énoncée par un de mes collègues,[1] qui porte à peu près le même nom que moi, et qui a énoncé sur les prêtres des sentiments rejetés il y a quinze jours avec indignation.

Il voulait que les prêtres papistes continuassent de constater l'état civil des citoyens, et qu'on substituât à l'aristocratie des dissidents l'aristocratie des conformistes. Ce Monsieur François est un poëte, qui a le *genus irritabile vatum*, et qui a raisonné dans cette circonstance comme un arrêt du Parlement. L'Assemblée Constituante a fait de grandes fautes, que nous sommes forcés de corriger ou d'expier; et l'une des plus grandes fut de placer dans la Constitution un clergé salarié par l'Etat. Mirabeau lui-même dit cette grande sottise, qui lui fut soufflée par le Janseniste Camus et par M. Lamourette, Evêque de Lyon, qu'il fallait coordonner l'organisation sacerdotale avec l'organisation civile. Il est par trop évident qu'une nation qui se gouverne par les lois du sens commun ne doit pas plus se mêler de culte et de prêtres que de médecins, de comédiens, ou de toute autre classe qui vend l'orviétan et qui vit des sottises des hommes. J'admets le principe, professé il y a quinze jours, dans votre Chambre par un Evêque;[2] mais je

[1] François (de Neufchâteau).

[2] No speech answering to this date of this description, appears in the debates of the House of Lords.

l'étends beaucoup plus loin que lui, savoir, qu'il n'y a que des sots ou de coquins qui puissent croire au papisme. Non, my Lord, l'intolérance n'est pas dans notre Constitution, ni dans nos lois réglementaires, quoique le salaire du culte y soit. Elle n'existe pas dans le fait, puisque dans toutes les grandes villes de France les dissidents pratiquent leur culte; mais ces dissidents sont détestés du peuple, parceque au moyen de l'infâme usage de la confession ils indisposent les femmes contre leurs maris, les filles contre leurs pères, et opposent ainsi la moitié du genre humain qui est faible à l'autre moitié qui est forte et patriote.

Tous ces traits envenimés sont invisibles et insaisissables dans une religion où tout est mystère, secret, et sottise. Les mandements, les écrits incendiaires, les processions nocturnes, les promesses d'indulgence, les miracles; voilà avec quoi ils travaillent les imaginations faibles; voilà avec quoi ils soulèvent les *fidèles* des campagnes contre les curés conformistes, qui pour se défendre contre de si rudes attaques, sont devenus eux-mêmes intolérants par nécessité contre ceux qui ne voulaient pas les tolérer eux-mêmes. J'ai vu et suivi de près comme administrateur ces hideuses convulsions de l'agonie sacerdotale; et j'ose croire, que tant qu'on ne fera qu'émonder au lieu d'arracher par le pied l'arbre papal, on en recueillira des fruits empoisonnés. Défiez-vous, my Lord, de nos Evêques fugitifs. Ils se disent persécutés, dans la rage où ils sont de n'être plus persécuteurs. Ils parlent de leurs consciences, et vous le savez, My Lord, nous ne comptions pas en France dix Evêques qui crussent en Dieu.

Le Roi vient de réparer le tort qu'il a eu de renvoyer le seul de ses Ministres qui fut patriote, et qui serait devenu un autre Chatham (M. Narbonne), en s'entourant d'un Ministère tout Jacobin. J'espère que la confiance et l'harmonie entre les deux pouvoirs renaîtront. Il faut que les Ministres aient un caractère de patriotisme plus prononcé que celui de tous les autres fonctionnaires, pour éloigner les soupçons qui s'attachent naturellement à ces grandes places situées dans une atmosphère de corruption.

Vous savez les mouvements énergiques que la nation a manifesté pour le recrutement. Quoique nous ayons déjà deux cent mille gardes nationales sur les frontières, dans un espace de trois semaines il s'en enrégimente environ cent mille hommes, quoiqu'il n'en manquât que cinquante-six mille, moyennant trois guinées et trois sous par lieue.

Un seul district, celui de Bordeaux, a offert de compléter les cinquante-six mille hommes. Si nous avions un poste pris ou une de nos armées battues, nous pourrions compter sur un million d'hommes armés dans un espace de huit jours. La difficulté serait de contenir, mais non pas d'exciter. Vous vous rappelez que sous l'ancien régime, malgré les fraudes dont on usait et les sommes énormes que l'on donnait, on avait beaucoup de peine à faire trois mille recrues par an. Alors c'était le Roi ; aujourd'hui c'est la nation : voilà tout le secret. Je vous assure sur ma tête, my Lord, que la Révolution pourra bien avancer, mais qu'elle ne rétrogradera pas. Le zèle n'a jamais été plus marqué, ni plus constant, dans aucune autre époque de la Révolution. Je suis

lent à admirer, mais le spectacle qu'offre le peuple de Paris a quelque chose digne d'attention. Il sent le besoin de l'ordre et de la loi; et quoique armé, il se montre toujours soumis, malgré les insinuations des brigands de la Cour, et des brigands des départements. Les femmes et les enfans également armés partagent les mêmes sentiments; l'homme sent sa dignité; et vous seriez tout surpris d'entendre les hommes de la halle parler à la barre avec la fierté et l'éloquence qu'on trouve dans Tite-Live.

Je dois vous dire un mot des finances. L'Assemblée Constituante a imaginé un système d'impositions admirable sur le papier, mais d'une complication hors de la portée des municipalités villageoises. Partout le citoyen est prêt à payer; la bonne volonté est partout: mais les rôles ne sont pas faits dans tous les départements. Nous venons de prendre de nouvelles mesures à ce sujet; et dans cette partie, comme dans beaucoup d'autres, nous sommes forcés de corriger les fautes de nos prédécesseurs.

Je suis, avec respect, etc.,

FRANÇAIS.

M. Etienne Dumont au Comte Stanhope.

MY LORD, Lansdowne House, 29 juin, 1792.

Mr. Bentham n'a pas publié son opinion sur les Jurés. Je ne l'ai connue que par conversation à l'occasion de celle de M. de Malesherbes, dont je lui parlais. C'est son opinion sur les Circuits Anglais qu'il a imprimée dans un ouvrage sur l'organisation judiciaire

qu'il adressait au Comité de Constitution de l'Assemblée Nationale. Voici ses arguments autant que je me les rappelle.

L'impartialité des Juges; premier avantage des Circuits.

Il est vrai qu'un Juge qui ne fait que passer ne form point de liaisons, mais cela n'empêche pas qu'il ne puisse en exister plusieurs; et parceque les *Gentlemen* viennent à Londres, et y vivent une partie de l'année; et parceque les Avocats avant d'être Juges vont plusieurs fois dans les mêmes Circuits; et parceque les Juges ne peuvent pas changer toutes les années.

Cependant, il est certain que la méthode des Circuits présente quelques avantages à cet égard, mais très-faibles. Ce qui fait surtout l'impartialité du Juge c'est la responsabilité, la publicité, et dans vôtre opinion l'unanimité du Juré. Quand on a ces puissantes cautions il n'est pas besoin de s'attacher à de petits moyens.

L'établissement judiciaire fort économique; second avantage des Circuits. Mais ce qu'on économise en Juges par les Circuits on le dépense au double en avocats et en procureurs. Les causes vont et viennent plusieurs fois des provinces à Londres, et de Londres dans les provinces. Il y a des appels plus fréquents, des hommes de loi résidents à payer, des hommes de loi voyageants, des frais de témoins, &c. &c. Je n'ai pas assez de connaissance pratique pour calculer tous ces frais; mais on peut estimer que la nation dépense plus par les Juges circuïtaires qu'elle ne le ferait par l'établissement des tribunaux résidents.

Inconvénients graves des Circuits. De longs empri-

sonnements de six mois dans une place, de douze mois dans une autre, de deux ans même dans quelques endroits, avant la procédure. Ajoutez que dans l'intervalle les preuves s'affaiblissent; on gagne les témoins, ou on les élude; s'il y a quelque rétard involontaire dans une cause, la justice part, et voilà un delai de six mois; plusieurs procès sont comme étranglés, et l'erreur peut se cacher facilement par la rapidité des plaidoyers et des décisions. Enfin, il s'écoule rélativement au criminel un temps si long entre le crime et la peine que l'effet de l'exemple est extrêmement diminué, et la pitié pour le coupable est le sentiment qui domine tous les cœurs au détriment de la justice.

Au moyen des Circuits douze Juges suffisent en Angleterre.

Mais on ne dit pas que les frais de procédure sont si énormes qu'en général le peuple n'ose point demander le redressement d'une foule de griefs. On ne dit pas que pour regagner un schelling il faut être en état de dépenser plusieurs guinées. On ne dit pas que la rareté des causes ne vient point de la rareté des besoins mais de l'impuissance de les satisfaire.

Voilà, My Lord, quelques objections qui peuvent n'être pas invincibles, mais qui me semblent du moins justifier les Français s'ils n'ont point adopté aveuglement les Juges circulaires.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec un entier dévouement, etc.

DUMONT.

MR. PITT AND MR. CANNING—THEIR FIRST INTERVIEW.

1792.

[From the papers of the Right Hon. W. Sturges Bourne, as communicated to me in 1871 by his daughter, Miss A. Sturges Bourne.—S.]

Geo. Canning, Esq., to W. Sturges (Bourne), Esq.

MY DEAR STURGES, Yarmouth, Sept. 3, 1792.

Now for what I promised to tell you so long ago, and what you are, I flatter myself, solicitous to hear.

I was, when you left town, on the point of writing that letter[1] which I thought it so necessary, and found it so difficult, to write, that I hesitated a long time between my conviction of the one and my experience of the other. I accomplished it, however, at length, and on July 26 put it into the post-office with my own hands. I have kept a copy of it, as was prudent, and when we meet I will show it to you. Meantime it was in substance as follows:—"That though after what I had had the satisfaction to hear through Mr. O——[2],

[1] To Mr. Pitt.

[2] No doubt Mr. Thomas Orde, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, appointed in 1791 Governor of the Isle of Wight, and created Lord Bolton in 1797.

it was not perhaps necessary or proper to trouble him much at length, yet I could not help feeling the necessity of explaining one or two points before I had the honour of seeing him, because it might afterwards be too late. That I owed it to my own honour to assure him, what without such assurance I flattered myself he would have believed, that however I was in habits of friendship and familiarity with some of the most eminent men in Opposition, yet I was in no way bound to them by any personal or political obligation, but felt myself perfectly at liberty to choose my own party, &c. That it was fair that he should understand explicitly from myself what he no doubt was already apprised of by Mr. O——, that I was not in such a situation or circumstances as to be able to do anything towards bringing myself into Parliament, nor should I like to be brought in by an individual. That before I called on him, as he appeared to wish that I should do when he returned to town, I desired for obvious reasons to know from himself at what time he would be at leisure to see me. That, finally, as it was with himself personally that I was ambitious of being connected, and consequently with himself alone that I was desirous of communicating on the subject, I trusted that this letter would be sacred from every eye but his own, and that whatever might be the event, &c., I should never have reason to repent of having relied confidently on his honour. This was the substance of my letter; and a few days afterwards I received from him an answer, which was nearly this: That he lost no time in acknowledging, &c., and in expressing the satisfaction which

he should feel in forming a personal acquaintance and connection with one whom he had long known by reputation, and whose talents he sincerely wished to see exerted for the benefit of the public. That it was impossible to say at present when an opening might arise in Parliament such as it would be convenient for me to accept, but that he should be happy if he could in any way find the means to facilitate it. That as I was so good as to give him leave to request to see me on his return to town, he would trouble me no farther at present. That he should be in town on Wednesday, the 15th August, and if I could conveniently call in Downing Street between eleven and twelve that day, I should find him perfectly disengaged, &c.

On Wednesday, between eleven and twelve, I did call in Downing Street, and after waiting about five minutes in a room below (during which five minutes, by the by, Rose thrust . . . into the room, as if to say, Ha! ha! are you there?), I was ushered into that study in which so many great statesmen and great scoundrels have at different times planned their country's ruin and the advancement of their own fortunes. You were right in one guess which you made about the interview. We shook hands. For some time the conversation was on general topics—France and Jenkinson, and other equally important concerns. It was not my business to begin the subject, and he was at least as awkward as I. At length, 'It is your wish, I believe, Mr. Canning (and I am sure it is mine), to come in,' &c. &c. I bowed assent. 'Nothing could make me more happy, &c. &c. It was not easy at present to foresee precisely at what

time a vacancy might arise, such as, &c.—that is to say, clogged with no expense, &c., but it should be his endeavour to procure it as soon as possible, and he was sure it would be his interest,' &c. &c. There was one expression in my letter about which he was anxious that we should understand each other, because he believed he could set me right with regard to some circumstances which it was very possible I might have misapprehended. When I said I should feel a repugnance to any individual, &c., did I mean—'I meant,' said I, 'that I should not like to come in on such grounds as that I might be supposed to be attached, not to you personally, or to administration generally, but personally to the owner of a borough, such a man, for instance, as my Lord Lonsdale.' (This was a lucky illustration, was it not? considering that he himself was originally brought in by Lord Lonsdale.) 'He understood me, he said, but I did not seem to be aware of what was nevertheless strictly true, that his patronage as a Minister was in itself—in that part of it which was strictly Ministerial—very small indeed; so inconsiderable, that perhaps not six seats, not one vacancy in a Parliament, occurred in that department, and even then seldom, if ever, without expense. The means by which he and every Minister was enabled to serve those whom their interest or inclination prompted them to serve, as in the present instance, &c., and the means which he had been turning in his mind with regard to me, was his influence with the proprietors of burgage-tenures, &c., with some of whom his recommendation solely would operate. 'But in such a case,' said I, 'could

it not be so managed as that it should be perfectly understood between that proprietor, whoever it might be, and myself, and between me and the world, that I owed my seat to your recommendation solely, and not to his choice? as it is with *you*,' &c. He was highly flattered, &c., and nothing could be more rational or easy. With the proprietor, whoever he might be, my connection might be as slight as I pleased, or none at all. There would be but one circumstance, which he was sure he needed not to suggest to me, that is to say, that if at any time it should so happen that my politics and those of the proprietor should come to differ decidedly, I should in delicacy think it proper—'To vacate my seat,' said I. 'Certainly.'"

This point being thus understood and mutually adjusted, we turned again to more indifferent subjects, in the discussion of which were intermingled some remarks on Jenky's speaking, and the expectation to be formed of Wallace's, and a very warm eulogium from him on Spencer's conduct at the Hague. After some pause, however, I turned to a matter which I had determined not to leave undecided between us at our first interview. I said, that as there might be, and indeed certainly were, some subjects on which the opinions which I had previously formed, or should hereafter form, might differ from his, I thought it right to mention to him, at this period of our acquaintance, that I should hope and expect to be left to my own feelings and inclinations, meaning of course that the subjects were not such as when the interest of administration itself was materially involved. I would instance the

Test Act, both because it was a subject on which, knowing his opinions, and having made up my own, I was aware that we thought differently from each other; and because it was a question which had been discussed almost every year, and was likely to be as often discussed again. His answer was as liberal and unreserved as I could desire. He had not the smallest wish or intention to fetter me in any questions of such a nature. On speculative subjects especially it was natural for every thinking man to form his own opinion, and very probable that any two men might form opinions totally opposite. A general good disposition towards Government was what he hoped to find in me, and as that he hoped would be increased and confirmed by the frequency of our communication with each other, so he rusted that the same circumstance would prevent any very material difference in our general sentiments, whatever distinctions we might take on more particular occasions.

This was pretty nearly the turn of our conference, and at the end of it he repeated his pride, pleasure, &c., his wish and endeavour to bring about the object which we both desired as soon as possible, and promised that so soon as he had a prospect of accomplishing it he would lose no time in communicating it to me.

The time when, and the place where, are now the two things to be ascertained. Before the Meeting I suppose cannot expect to hear anything; and how soon after that event must depend upon many accidental circumstances which I cannot foresee or conjecture.

I have lived much with Sheridan lately; and by

degrees, and in different manners, in argument and in hint, and in narration, and by suffering him to infer some things and to guess others without contradiction, I have so far prepared him that he will not be surprised at anything that appears; and whatever does happen I think it will make no difference between us. He has warned Fox, and, which is more than fifty Foxes in such a case, he has communicated his suspicions and apprehensions to Mr. Bouverie.

I told you that I had some doubts about some of my family. That part of it with which I now am (my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh) are quite delighted; and so *tout va bien.*[1]

. . . . . .

Yours ever,

GEO. CANNING.

[1] A few months only from the date of this letter, Mr. Canning was elected Member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight, Sir Richard Worsley having retired purposely to make way for him. His first speech was not delivered till January 31, 1794, on the treaty with the King of Sardinia.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS OF LETTERS

REFERRING TO

MR. PITT AND WALMER CASTLE.

1801–1806.

MANY of these letters were not yet in my possession when I wrote the 'Life of Pitt;' and others were put by as of merely local interest. But, as now collected, they may perhaps be welcome to some at least of those who have stood on the ramparts of Walmer Castle, and thought of its great Lord Warden in the days of the great French war. S.

Lady Hester Stanhope to Francis R. Jackson, Esq.

Burton Pynsent, April 19, 1801.

Oh, delightful, charming! This evening's post has not only brought me your letter, but a volume from Mr. P.[1]

. . . . . .

He appears to be so happy and well; for he says

[1] Mr. Pitt. He had resigned the Seals of Office on the 14th of March preceding.

what with the luxury of living with his friends, and the improvement of public affairs, his only apprehension will be of growing too fat for horseman's weight, at least as a companion in my rides.

Mr. Pitt to Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart.

Walmer Castle,
MY DEAR SIR, Monday, Sept. 13, 1802.

I have written to you in town, but take the chance of your being returned to Ramsgate, to tell you that I have been suffering severely from repeated sickness, and the impossibility of retaining almost any food on my stomach, and that the symptoms are such that I do not at all know how to proceed. I am therefore very anxious to see you and receive your directions as early as possible, as I do not feel that things are going at all right. Under these circumstances, you will, I am sure, forgive my troubling you, and, with your usual kindness, will give me the satisfaction of seeing you as soon as you can.

Yours very sincerely,
W. PITT.

Lady Hester Stanhope to F. R. Jackson, Esq.

Walmer Castle, Sept. 21, 1802.

Even the illness of my dear uncle has not made me quite forget the request you made me; but the first thing I must say is, that, thank God, he is quite re-

covered; and if he was to be ill, perhaps my having the opportunity of showing him I have talents as a nurse is better than his having had to nurse himself. I am enchanted with everything here. But I leave them all on Thursday.[1]

Mr. Pitt to Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart.

MY DEAR SIR, Walmer Castle, Feb. 9, 1803.

Mr. Hulke[2] will have given you an account of the fresh attack which I have had of bile, from which his prescriptions have almost entirely relieved me. I know, however, that it will be a satisfaction to you to receive from myself the account of my amendment; and I think it may also be material to mention to you that some sensations of gout, which I have felt slightly at times during the last three or four days in one of my feet, are become more settled and distinct within these few hours, and that the pain and swelling (though neither of them are considerable) are sufficient to require rather a larger shoe than common, and to leave me no doubt of the cause from which they proceed. I need not trouble you further at present, and I hope by the beginning of next week to be able to move to town or

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[1] This was Lady Hester's first appearance at Walmer Castle. She was then preparing to cross from Dover to Calais, having been invited to accompany her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton, of Cheshire, in a Continental tour.

[2] Father, I believe, of the gentleman who on several occasions attended the Duke of Wellington at Walmer Castle, and was with him when he died, September 14, 1852.

its neighbourhood without any inconvenience, and to have the pleasure of seeing you.

Believe me, &c.,

W. PITT.

Mr. Pitt to Lord Mahon.

DEAR MAHON, Walmer Castle, March 10, 1803.

I am very much grieved and rather surprised (after what had passed) at the strange letter from Lord S. It certainly uts an end to all reasonable ground of hope from that quarter, and is in the manner of it very provoking. But as no good can arise from any answer you can return to it, I think it clearly best for you to take no notice of it, and to let the business drop in silence.

I hope my brother will be able to find the paper you want for Estcourt, and shall be very impatient to hear on what terms he thinks you can proceed.

Your account of James[1] gives me great pleasure, and your kindness and affection to him will, I hope, be repaid as it deserves. I am very sorry Charles is coming away from a place which he likes, and which was so well suited to him. The sum you propose to allot to each will, I hope, be quite adequate, and is one which is very liberal and generous in you to spare.

I shall be most happy to see you here again the first moment you have to spare, without interruption to

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[1] The Hon. Charles and James Stanhope were the younger brothers of Lord Mahon.

your business with Estcourt, and when you have shaken off the remains of your very troublesome complaint. I do not like at all the account of your being so much reduced in strength. If you are not already better, pray consult Farquhar immediately.

Affectionately yours,

W. P.

Lady Hester Stanhope to F. R. Jackson, Esq., His Majesty's Minister at Berlin.

Walmer Castle, Oct., 1803.

You can easily figure to yourself that I have not much time to spare from the charming society I now live in. To express the kindness with which Mr. Pitt welcomed my return,[1] and proposed my living with him, would be impossible. One would really suppose that all obligation had been on his side! Here then am I, happy to a degree, exactly in the sort of society I most like. There are generally three or four men staying in the house; we dine nine or ten almost every other day.

. . . . . .

Mr. Pitt absolutely goes through the fatigue of a drill-sergeant. It is parade after parade, at fifteen or twenty miles distant from each other. I often attend him; and

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[1] From the Continent, with Mr. and Mrs. Egerton, in the previous August. Lady Hester was then wholly without a home, owing to the death (in April, 1803) of her grandmother, Lady Chatham, with whom, since early in 1800, she had for the most part resided at Burton Pynsent.

it is quite as much, I can assure you, as I am equal to, although I am remarkably well just now. The hard riding I do not mind, but to remain almost still so many hours on horseback is an incomparable *bore*, and requires more patience than you can easily imagine. However, I suppose few regiments for the time were ever so forward; therefore the trouble is nothing; and if Mr. Pitt does not overdo it, and injure his health, every other consideration becomes trifling. You know me too well not to be aware of the anxiety I am under upon this account; and the extreme care I take, or rather endeavour to take, of this blessing (so essential to him in his present active line of conduct, and therefore invaluable to his country), is kindly rewarded by his minding me more than any other person, and allowing me to speak to him upon the subject of his health, which is always an unpleasant one, and one he particularly dislikes. There is no use in flattering a man who is not ill from fancy, and makes but too light of his complaints. Therefore I pursue quite a different plan; and I am happy to be able to tell you sincerely I see nothing at all alarming about him: he had a cough when I first came to England, but it has nearly or quite left him; he is thin, yet certainly strong, and his spirits are excellent.

. . . . . .

Mr. P. is determined to remain acting Colonel when his regiment is called into the field. Some persons blame this determination, but I do not; he has always hitherto acted up to his character: why should he, then, in this instance prove deficient? I should not be the

least surprised any night to hear of the French attempting to land; indeed, I expect it; but I feel equally certain that those who do succeed in this will neither proceed nor return.[1]

Mr. Pitt to Lord Mahon.

DEAR MAHON, Margate, Oct. 24, 1803.

In our way here Lord Carrington and I have been comparing Lord Stanhope's answer with the preceding proposals; and Lord Carrington has just written to Harrison to desire him to make the inquiry, which strikes us as essential under the 24th Article. You will probably call on Harrison on the subject. Adieu! Captain Cobb and his brave troops are impatiently waiting for us on the field of battle.

Ever affectionately yours,

W. P.

Lord Carrington to Lord Mahon.

Deal Castle, Nov. 18, 1803.

Pitt being obliged to go to Dover to-morrow afternoon, I have agreed with him that the mar-

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[1] Such was the feeling at that time of the entire people, even down to the writers of libels and lampoons. Thus writes or sings Peter Pindar:—

"Come the Consul whenever he will,
And he means it when Neptune is calmer,
Pitt will send him a d—— bitter pill
From his fortress the castle of Walmer."

riage[1] shall take place at four o'clock to-morrow instead of five; but, as he may not be very punctual, I suppose half-past four will be the time. I have seen Backhouse,[2] and settled with him this alteration.

Mr. Pitt to Lord Mahon.

DEAR MAHON, Walmer Castle, Nov. 22, 1803.

Hester had already written to James desiring him to come to us as soon as he can obtain leave, which I hope will be immediately. It will certainly be most desirable to have an opportunity of talking over with him fully his future plans, and if his aversion to the Navy has taken a deep root it cannot be wished that he should remain in it; otherwise I should much regret his quitting a line in which he has already passed so much time and had so fair a prospect of succeeding. I will forward your letter to him by to-day's post, though probably he may have left Portsmouth before it gets there.

Ever affectionately yours,

W. PITT.

Lady Hester Stanhope to F. R. Jackson, Esq., at Berlin.

Walmer Castle, Jan. 14, 1804.

We are in almost daily expectation of the arrival of the French, and Mr. Pitt's regiment is now nearly

[1] Of Lord Mahon to the Hon. Catherine Lucy Smith, fourth daughter of Lord Carrington.

[2] Rev. J. H. Backhouse, rector of the parish, by whom the ceremony was to be performed.

perfect enough to receive them. We have the famous 15th Light Dragoons in our Barracks; also the Northampton and Berkshire Militia. The first and last of these regiments I command, and have an orderly dragoon whenever I please from the former and the band of the latter. I never saw any Militia regiment so well officered, or composed of such pleasant men, as the Berkshire. A Northamptonshire squire is not pleasant in his own country, and does not improve with transplanting, but the regiment is a fine body of men. I am at this moment alone here with my little brother James, who has left the Navy for the Army; he is too clever for a sailor, too refined, I mean. I do not regret the change, as higher powers approve it. He is now in the Guards, and is to join I believe soon: the time will be decided when Mr. Pitt returns. I expect him in a few days. He was perfectly well when he left me; his most intimate friends say they do not remember him as well since the year Ninety-Seven. Nothing can please me better than the pleasant footing I am upon with all those most attached to him, and the satisfaction it appears to give him when they show me civility. . . . . Oh, such miserable things as the French gun-boats! We took a vessel the other day loaded with gin—to keep up their spirits I suppose: another with abominable bread and a vast quantity of peas and beans, which the soldiers eat. One of the boats had an extreme large chest of medicine, probably for half their flotilla. Their guns are ill-mounted, and cannot be used with the same advantage as ours, but are fine pieces of ordnance. Buonaparte was said to be at Boulogne a few days ago; our officers patrolled all night

with the men, which was pleasant. I have my orders how to act in case of real alarm in Mr. P.'s absence, and also a promise from him never to be further from the army than a two hours' ride. This is all I wish. I should break my heart to be drove up the country like a sheep when everything I most love was in danger.

. . . . . .

Mr. Pitt to Lord Mahon.

DEAR MAHON, Walmer Castle, Jan. 31, 1804.

The sooner you comply with the summons you have received, the better, and I hope your presence will have the effect of bringing the business at last to a conclusion. We will take as good care of the coast as we can in your absence; but as our garrison here is rather stronger than you will leave at Maxton, I hope you will advise Lady Mahon to take up her quarters here till you return.

Affectionately yours,
W. PITT.

Lady Hester Stanhope to Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart.

Walmer Castle, April 15, 1804.

I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you, but in the meantime must just state to you what I think about Mr. Pitt's health, not omitting to say how very uneasy his constant cough has lately made me, which

till within these last six days he would take no care of, exposing himself to these easterly winds late in the evening, attending his duty not as a soldier and Colonel of a regiment, but more like a drill-sergeant.

. . . . . .

I have also to beg that you will most forcibly dwell upon all directions you think necessary to give him. Nobody is so like an angel when he is extremely ill, and few persons less tractable when a little ill; always urging it is nothing, and taking no care in the world of himself.[1]

Memorandum by Mr. Pitt.

(Downing Street) Dec. 26, 1804.

The messenger is to search with Burfield[2] in the Library at Walmer for a large green bag, containing some heavy books. It is to be sealed up (if not sealed already) and brought immediately to town. The bag will be found either in the corner of the shelves, or in the closet made by one of the windows in the Library.

If necessary, the closet must be broke open.

W. P.

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[1] Mr. Pitt resumed the Seals of Office as Prime Minister in less than a month from the date of this letter—on the 10th of May, 1804.

[2] Burfield was the gardener at Walmer Castle. He died at Deal so lately as 1859, at the age of 89, and his widow survived him till 1863. This memorandum, in Mr. Pitt's own writing, had remained in her possession.

Lady Hester Stanhope to Mr. Pitt.

Walmer Castle, Jan. 24 (1805).

Burfield went to Maidstone yesterday for the last lot of trees and shrubs, which he expects will be all planted in ten days, unless a frost prevents it. I had a conversation with him about what was likely to grow in the chalk-pit. I proposed a few evergreen oaks, which he says will answer there, but nowhere else about the place. We both agreed upon filling it with a variety of creepers, furze, broom, or about anything that will grow and make it look less barren.

Lady Hester Stanhope to W. D. Adams, Esq.[1]

Walmer Castle, Feb. 3, 1805.

. . . . . .

Last spring and part of the summer I bore in the great world much more than my value for talents, looks, &c. Everything was over-rated, and although I was perfectly aware of it at the time, then I own I enjoyed it. Now if I could command it, it would be indifferent to me; but my looks are gone, as they always do in the absence of health; and I have been recommended to come into the country to regain them; and here I have been three weeks. . . . . I am not dull, or rather not idle, as I have the charge of improve-

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[1] Selected as Private Secretary by Mr. Pitt on his return to office. This most amiable and accomplished gentleman survived till June, 1862.

ments here, plantations, farms, buildings, &c. The grave and the gay Generals pay me all due respect and attention, and so would all the garrison[1] if I would allow them; but as I did not come here to be gay, I dispense with their civility and society.

When I left Mr. P. he was very well, and bearing all the fatigues of business most astonishingly. Poor dear Lord H.'s[2] illness fell very heavy upon him for a time. I hope you like *Lord Ha Ha Ha* as well as he is to be liked.

Lady Hester Stanhope to W. D. Adams, Esq.

Sunday (Walmer Castle, April, 1805).

I am pretty well, but I am not allowed to go out yet, which vexes me, as I wish to attend to a plantation Mr. P. knows nothing of. Lord Guilford has left his place in this part of the world,[3] and is cutting down trees, and making all the money he can of it. He has allowed me to take a great many shrubs (these he gives to me), and, as anything green in this part of the world is a treasure, I have been employing myself to cultivate a frightful barren bit of ground behind the Castle, as it may be years and years before such an offer of plants might again be made; and buy them you cannot, of a considerable size at least; and little twigs make no show; and should Mr. Pitt come the end of the week, I should like the plantation to be finished.

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[1] In Deal Barracks.

[2] Lord Harrowby, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

[3] Waldershare Park.

Lady Hester Stanhope to W. D. Adams, Esq.

Thursday (Walmer Castle, April, 1805).

Pray be quite easy about me, for I assure you I am a vast deal better. . . . . This nasty fever is vastly provoking, for had Mr. P. come here I would have returned with him, and at all events I meant to come up the end of next week, to go to the Installation.[1]

I am so hurt about Lord M.[2] and all that has passed. What a charming speech Mr. P. made! I think I see him; and certainly *cet heureux et vaste regard, qui saisit à la fois toutes les faces et tous les rapports, embrasse tous les objets sans les confondre, et les tient tous à l'imagination,* ought to have awed some rascals during the debate on Monday. Oh that I had been Lord M., that I might have gone upon my knees to Mr. P. not to have defended me!

There was no end yesterday to the farmers and people who wanted to get a sight of the papers. Their joy about Lord M. is whimsical enough; they say it proves that "bad is the best of them;" and it will make Mr. P. "shine;" that he is the only honest man amongst them, and the only public man with clean hands. "Our master, our Colonel here," as they call him.

Lady Hester Stanhope to W. D. Adams, Esq.

Sunday (Walmer Castle, 1805).

I was frightened to a degree when the messenger arrived. I thought at first Mr. P. was ill, and when I

[1] Of the Knights of the Garter, held at Windsor Castle, April 23, 1805.

[2] Melville.

saw his handwriting, that he was out of office; but was delighted to find it was only papers he wanted. I hope he found what he wanted, but they are in great confusion. I wish you would ask him some day if he would like me to bring any more to town when I come, for at this moment perhaps it is difficult to say what are those he may want.

Lady Hester Stanhope to W. D. Adams, Esq.

Wednesday (Walmer Castle, 1805).

Some persons write me Mr. P. looks well, others that he does not; I feel a constant anxiety about his health, and fear that business without end must be too much for him or any one else. It often, indeed, occurs to me that you are likely to suffer from so much confinement. Let me give you one piece of advice, which is, to attend to your meals as regularly as possible, even if you sit up or rise the earlier for it to get through business. I have often been told that half Mr. P.'s complaints were originally brought on by fasting too long, and indeed only eating when he found it convenient, which ruined the tone of his stomach.

Lady Hester Stanhope to W. D. Adams, Esq.

Hotel, Bognor, Sunday night,
(last months of 1806 ?).

I feel I am like dear Mr. Pitt when I am in the country, for I recollect hearing him say he never saw a house, or cottage, or garden, he liked, but he immediately struck out improvements in his own mind.

MR. FOX AND MR. CANNING.

1827.

In 1854 I made inquiry, through a common friend, the Countess of Newburgh, of the late Duke of Devonshire, whether Mr. Fox and Mr. Canning had died in the same room at Chiswick. Some persons have told me that it was so, while others declared that it was not. S.

The Duke replied as follows:—

Chiswick,
March 18, 1854.

My dear Lady Newburgh,

Canning died in a room up-stairs. I had a great foreboding when he came here, and would not allow of his being in the room below, where Fox had died.

The other room above has been very much altered, and furnished differently since.

I am not surprised at Lord Mahon wanting to know; it was a sad and curious coincidence.

Ever yours, &c.,

Devonshire.

SHORT ESSAYS IN ARCHÆOLOGY.

BY LORD MAHON.

READ AT THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES, 1830–1836.

On the Viola of the Ancients.

Read March 18, 1830. Archæologia, vol. xxiii.

I SHALL attempt in this Paper to prove that the plant called *Viola* by the Romans is not, according to the received opinion, our common Violet, but the flower called Iris, and well known in our English gardens. This idea first occurred to me when, in the winter of 1825-1826, I travelled on horseback over the greater part of Sicily, and observed that amongst the numerous wild flowers which that genial climate was already bringing forth at that season, there was no Violet to be seen, but, on the other hand, a great abundance of Iris; and I have since been informed that such is likewise the case in Southern Italy. This seemed to me to render it improbable that a plant so common should have been unnoticed by the ancient pastoral poets, and that their strains should be devoted to one apparently of foreign origin, of later introduction, and of less general growth.

This presumption will, I think, be confirmed by a consideration of the following passages.

In the description of the Viola by Pliny,[1] several circumstances are quite inapplicable to the Violet, but agree exactly with the Iris.

1. He mentions *Violæ luteæ*, amongst other sorts. Now there are no Violets of this colour; but, although the common Iris is dark blue, several of its species are yellow, such as the *Iris lutescens*, and the *Iris lurida*, which grows naturally in the south of Europe.

2. *Sponte, apricis et macris locis proveniunt.* This is true of the Iris, which I observed in Sicily commonly growing wild on the rocky hills, exposed to the sun; but this is not true of the Violet, which is proverbial for loving the shade.

3. *Statim ab radice carnoso exeunt.* The Iris has a bulbous root, appearing out of the ground, so that the adverb *statim* is peculiarly true of this plant, as distinguished from the tulip, crocus, &c. The root of the Violet is fibrous.

A passage in Ovid[2] seems to me still more decisive:

> "Ut si quis violas, riguove papaver in horto,
> Liliaque infringat, fulvis hærentia virgis,
> Marcida demittant subito caput illa gravatum;
> Nec se sustineant, spectentque cacumine terram."

Any one must observe how completely inapplicable this description is to the Violet, whose flower all but touches the ground, and cannot therefore, if broken, exhibit the *demittant caput . . . . spectentque cacumine terram.* The Iris, on the contrary, is of nearly the same height as lilies and poppies, and having, like these, a

[1] Hist. Nat. lib. xxi., c. 6.

[2] Met. lib. x., v. 190.

tall and naked stem, displays, when broken, the same appearance that they do, and justifies the poet in classing them together.

I should add, that amongst the country people of Sicily the Iris still bears the name of Viola.

History of the Relic called the Holy Cross.

A.D. 328-1575.

[Read February 10, 1831, and now abridged.]

THE supposed discovery of a religious relic, and the miracles attending it, are frequent topics of narrative with Roman Catholic, and of attack with Protestant, writers. It is not now my intention to enter that debateable land. But the historic changes and vicissitudes of one of these relics, for twelve centuries after its discovery, real or feigned, may perhaps excite some interest on other than controversial grounds, more especially as its singular adventures, very distant in time, and recorded by different writers, have never yet been brought together, and formed into one connected narrative.

In the reign of the Emperor Constantine the Great, his mother Helena, when almost an octogenarian, undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Her pious zeal was particularly directed to the search of the Holy Sepulchre, and of the Cross on which our Lord had suffered; and, according to her own judgment at least, she was successful in both. A vision, or perhaps a

dream, disclosed the place of the Holy Sepulchre (A.D. 328); the three Crosses were found buried near it, and that of the Saviour is said to have been distinguished from the others by its healing powers on the sick, and even restoring a corpse to life. This discovery caused great and general rejoicing throughout Christendom,[1] and the spot was immediately consecrated by a church, called the New Jerusalem, and of such magnificence that Eusebius was strongly inclined to look upon its building as the fulfilment of the prophecies in the Scriptures for a city of that name.[2]

The relic so providentially, as was believed, brought to light, was divided into two portions. The one was left at Jerusalem, set in a case of silver; the other was sent to Constantine, for the adornment of his new-built capital. Of the portion of the Cross which remained near the place of its discovery, we have accounts for two centuries and more. The pilgrims who thronged to Jerusalem year after year were always eager, and often successful, in obtaining a small sample of the relic for themselves; so that at length, according to the strong expression of St. Cyril, the whole earth was filled with this sacred wood. Even at the present day such small samples may be observed as very frequently recurring in the collection of relics preserved in Roman Catholic churches and shrines. To account for this extraordinary diffusion of so limited a quantity, it was

[1] For the discovery of the Cross, compare Theodoret, lib. i., c. 18; Socrates, lib. i., c. 17; and Sozomen, lib. ii., c. 1, &c.

[2] De Vita Constant., lib. iii., c. 33.

found requisite to assert its supernatural growth and vegetation, which the writer already quoted, St. Cyril, compares to the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes.[1]

Of the Jerusalem fragment, however, I shall not here in any detail pursue the history. Suffice it to say that when, in the year 614 of our era, the Holy City was besieged and taken by the Persians, this relic was carried away. It remained in Persia fourteen years, being then restored, in a treaty of peace, to the Emperor Heraclius, who with his own hands replaced it on Mount Calvary. But only eight years afterwards Jerusalem had again to yield to hostile arms. It became the spoil of the Moslem, and the relic in question appears to have been destroyed by orders of the Caliph Omar.[2] At Constantinople, on the other hand, the remaining moiety was preserved with the utmost veneration in the metropolitan church of St. Sophia, and the honours paid to it are attested and described by the father of English historians—the Venerable Bede.[3] Never, but on the three most solemn festivals of the year, was its costly case unclosed. On the first day it received the adoration of the Emperor and principal officers of state; on the next, the Empress and chief ladies repeated the same ceremony; and the bishops and clergy were admitted on the third. While exposed to view on the altar, a grateful odour pervaded the whole

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[1] St. Cyril ap. Baronium, Annal. Eccles. A.D. 326, No. 50. One whole epistle also of St. Paulinus of Nola (the eleventh) is devoted to this subject.

[2] Baronius, Annal. Eccles. A.D. 643. No. 1–4.

[3] Bede, Op. vol. iii., p. 370. Ed. Colon. Agripp. 1688.

church, and a fluid resembling oil distilled from the knots in the wood, of which the least drop was thought sufficient to cure the most inveterate disease. This precious fluid is also mentioned by Pope Gregory the Great in one of his letters. "I have received your present," writes the Pope to Leontius, "some oil of the Holy Cross, which can confer a blessing by its very touch."[1]

In a period of several centuries, during which this relic remained at Constantinople, we find it occasionally mentioned in the annals of the time. It was on the Holy Cross that Heracleonas swore to cherish and defend his nephews;[2] it was to the same fragment that the son of Justinian the Second clung for protection, in the revolution which hurled his father from the throne;[3] and we might entertain more respect for the devout ardour of the Greeks, if the supposed sanctity of this relic had produced either the observance of the oath or the safety of the suppliant. At length, in the year 1078, the object of my narrative recommenced its travels. A wealthy citizen of Amalfi, whose name is not recorded, had long felt a wish to exchange active life for the cloister, and had selected the monastery of Monte Casino as the place of his future retirement. Being present in the Eastern capital during the tumultuous deposition of Michael the Seventh, he perceived in the general confusion a favourable opportunity for appropriating this precious fragment to himself. Nor did he forget at the same time to secure the golden

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[1] Epist. lib. vii., indict. i., ep. 34. [2] Nicephor. Constantinopolit. p. 20.
[3] Theophanes, Chronograph. p. 318.

case, richly embossed with jewels, which contained it, and both were laid as a welcome offering before the shrine of St. Benedict, at Monte Casino.[1] The good Fathers must have felt no little pride when strangers beheld, in their secluded and obscure retreat, a relic which a long succession of the most illustrious princes had gloried in possessing.

The next place to which we can trace the Cross is Palestine, during the Crusades, to which it had doubtless been conveyed for the purpose of restoring it to its more ancient and appropriate station at Jerusalem. In that country it was exposed to frequent hazards, as the Crusaders appear to have been in the habit of bearing it in the van of their armies, when marching against the Moslem, hoping by its presence amongst them to secure the victory. One of their battles against the forces of Saladin by no means fulfilled their expectations, and in the course of it the sacred relic itself was again severed; one half of it being captured by the enemy, and most probably destroyed. This untoward accident, however, by no means impaired their veneration for the still remaining fragment, and at the commencement of the thirteenth century it is again recorded as taking the field with the King of Hungary and the Duke of Austria.[2] From these it passed into the hands of their brother Crusaders the Latin Sovereigns of Constantinople; and thus, by a singular train of circumstances, a change of dynasty

[1] Chronicon Casinense, lib. iii., c. 55.

[2] See Raynaldus, Annal. Eccles., A.D. 1217, No. 39, and Pagi, Critic., A.D. 1187, No. 4.

restored this precious relic to the people which had so long enjoyed its possession.

In the year 1238 the pressure of poverty and impending ruin compelled the Emperor Baldwin the Second to sell what the piety of St. Louis, King of France, induced him as eagerly to purchase.[1] A very considerable sum was given in exchange for the holy wood, and on its arrival in Paris it was deposited by King Louis in a splendid shrine, which he built on this occasion—the celebrated *Sainte Chapelle*. There the Cross remained for above three hundred years, until at length, on the 20th of May, 1575, it disappeared from its station. The most anxious researches failed in tracing the robber, or recovering the spoil; and the report which accused King Henry the Third of having secretly sold it to the Venetians may be considered as a proof of the popular animosity, rather than of the royal avarice.[2] To appease in some degree the loud and angry murmurs of his subjects, Henry, next year, on Easter day, announced that a new Cross had been prepared for their consolation, of the same shape, size, and appearance as the stolen relic. "The people of Paris," says Estoile, an eye-witness of this transaction, "being very devout, and of easy faith on such subjects" (he is speaking of the sixteenth century), gratefully hailed the restoration of some tangible and immediate object for their prayers. Of the original fragment

[1] See Dupleix, Hist. de France, vol. ii. p. 257, ed. 1634. The original authority is Nangis (Annales de St. Louis, p. 174, ed. 1761).

[2] See L'Estoile, Journal de Henri III., vol. i., p. 125, 161, ed. 1744.

I can discern no further authentic trace, and here then it seems to have ended its long and adventurous career.

On a Fabulous Conquest of England by the Greeks.

Read November 22, 1832. Archæologia, vol. xxv.

A NATION fallen into disaster and disgrace will often seek consolation in the records of former glory, or even of fabulous achievements. Such was the case with the Byzantine Greeks in the last period of their history, and, amongst other extravagant fictions, we may observe with some surprise and amusement, a poem on a supposed conquest of England by themselves.

The poem in question is to be found in the Royal Library at Paris, and is marked 2909 in the Catalogue of Greek Manuscripts. From its style, as well as from its characters, it is believed to have been written in the fourteenth century. It is the same in metre as the Chiliads of John Tzetzes, and selects Belisarius as the General for the conquest of England. To that island it gives the modern name of Εγκλητερα, and to its King the title of Ρηξ, which, it is well known, was often borrowed from the Latin by the Byzantine writers. The poem states that Belisarius, after landing in England, ordered his ships to be burnt, in order to cut off all hope of retreat from his army and inspire it with courage. After an obstinate resistance the Ρηξ is defeated, and the island entirely subdued. Belisarius then builds a fresh fleet, and sails back to Constantinople, where, we are informed, with most laudable

accuracy, of the very day of his landing—the 20th of September. One circumstance of the voyage homewards strongly speaks the feelings of an ignorant Byzantine, to whom his own capital and its immediate neighbourhood seemed far more important and extensive than all the rest of the world besides. He says that the fleet made a halt midway for the purpose of refreshment, and he places this midway station at the island of Mytilene, not one-twentieth part of the distance between England and Constantinople!

I may take this opportunity of also remarking, that amongst nearly all the Byzantine writers England is the subject of complete ignorance or absurd legends. Thus Tzetzes, though usually accurate and well informed, tells us that Cato the Censor received an embassy from the Kings of the British (Βρεττανοι), with a present of gold and a proposal of alliance![1] Yet, at the period when Tzetzes wrote, there was already a body-guard of Varangians at Constantinople.

Procopius also, whose personal experience and powers of description place him very far at the head of all the Byzantine writers, no sooner touches British ground than the discerning historian becomes transformed into a credulous fabulist. His island of Brittia is divided by an ancient wall into two districts, one of them being the abode of departed spirits, who are ferried over from the continent by living boatmen![2]

The latter tale has been already noticed by Gibbon; but if the people of Constantinople could admit such

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[1] Chil. x. v. 651.

[2] Procop. Goth. lib. iv. c. 20.

strange accounts of England in a grave history, we need not be surprised at any in a legendary poem.

On the Number of the Lost Books of Tacitus.

Read March 24, 1836. Archæologia, vol. xxvii.

THE historical works of Tacitus which remain to us are, as is well known, besides the Life of Agricola, the four first books of the Annals, part of the fifth, the sixth, the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and part of the sixteenth, the four first books of the History, and part of the fifth. It is asserted by Brotier, in his excellent edition, that the total number of books must have been sixteen of Annals and fourteen of History, and this assertion has never yet, so far as I know, been doubted or called in question. I think, however, that there are strong grounds for presuming that the real number of books was eighteen of Annals and twelve of History; and, though the point be of small importance, it may perhaps not be without some interest to the admirers of the greatest of Historians.

We learn from Tacitus himself that, having first written his History from the last months of Galba to the end of Domitian, he afterwards composed his Annals from the death of Augustus to the period first mentioned.[1] As to the number of books, the only passage to inform us is one from St. Jerome, where he mentions Tacitus as one *qui post Augustum, usque ad*

[1] Tacit. Hist. lib. i., c. 1; Annal. lib. i., c. 2, &c.

mortem Domitiani, vitas Cæsarum triginta voluminibus exaravit.[1] No mention is made how many of these books were books of Annals or books of History.

Now, if we look to the progress of events, and to the number of important transactions that took place between the point where the sixteeenth book of Annals breaks off and the point where the first book of History commences, it will appear utterly incredible that, according to the supposition of Brotier, they should all have been comprised in the remainder of the sixteenth book. This period is one of four years, containing the extremely curious and now very imperfectly known proceedings of the insurrection in Spain and Gaul, the overthrow of Nero, and the end of the family of the Cæsars; how Vindex fell in the moment of the triumph of his cause; how Nymphidius hoped to profit by the vacancy, and how his projects were arrested; how Galba advanced to Rome, and by what acts he lost the popularity to which he owed his elevation. Over quiet and less interesting periods Tacitus glides quickly; but when it is observed how much attention he bestows on times of revolution, when the whole state seems heaving and convulsed, it is impossible to doubt that he very fully portrayed those events of which in other writers we see only a dim and imperfect outline. The five first books of his History, being devoted to such a period, fill a space of less than two years; and thus also I conceive, the four years preceding, being scarcely less important and eventful, were related in the

[1] St. Hieron. Comment. in cap. xiv. Zach.

remainder of the sixteenth and in the seventeenth and eighteenth books of his Annals.

In confirmation of this view, it may be observed that the books of the Annals preserved to us are not of very unequal length. The number of chapters, though a modern and uncertain division, may afford us a rude approximation to this fact. The first book has 81 chapters, the second 88, the third 76, the fourth 75, and the sixth, of which some suppose the commencement to have perished, 51. Thus the average for each is 74. In the able Supplement of Brotier the want of sufficient materials renders of course his books much shorter, even although he has introduced some subjects, such as our Lord's Nativity and the Legation of Philo, which most certainly were not in the original Tacitus. The number of chapters in his seventh book is only 43, in his eighth 79, in his ninth 59, and in his tenth 35; the average being 56. Now, in his Supplement to the sixteenth book he treats of a period of which we have even less full details than that treated of in his Supplement between the sixth and eleventh books; yet in this his Supplement extends to 97 chapters! Can we believe, then, that Tacitus, with all his ample materials, and so wide a scope for his philosophic reflections, could have comprised this period in a single book, and extended this book to a still more disproportioned length? And is not my conjecture much more probable, that this period formed the theme of two books more?

What, I think, tends further to confirm this conjecture, is the remarkable fondness among nearly all

ancient nations for the number twelve, or some multiple or dividend of twelve. This is apparent among the Romans in their books of Epic poetry, their Tables of Laws, their Augurs, and a vast variety of other instances. Du Cange has shown that the same partiality existed amongst the early Scandinavians.[1] Spelman has traced it amongst the Boiians and Burgundians,[2] and Mr. Hallam and several other writers amongst the Anglo-Saxons.[3] I need not investigate the causes of this custom or fancy. But as it undoubtedly existed and influenced many other Latin authors in their divisions of writing, I think it more probable that Tacitus should have written his Annals in eighteen books, and his History in twelve, than have divided the former into sixteen and the latter into fourteen.

I cannot conclude without a most earnest wish that some of the discoveries of the Italian Palimpsests may ere long restore to us these lost books of Tacitus, not with any view to the trifling point which I have been discussing, but to instruct and delight mankind by a work which even now, though incomplete, appears one of the noblest monuments ever raised by human genius.

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[1] Du Cange, Diction., voc. Nembda. [2] Spelman's Gloss., voc. Jurata.
[3] Hallam's Middle Ages, vol. ii., p. 401.

A VISIT AT DERBY.

1839.

To Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart.

[Extract.]

Derby, Dec. 4, 1839.

. . . . . .

Being now at Derby, I desired to see the house which was dwelt in by Prince Charlie, and where he found the final term of his daring enterprise. We have paid it a visit this morning—the very anniversary, as it might be called, of the young Adventurer's own arrival, for it was on Wednesday, the 4th of December, 1745, that he and his Highlanders marched into this town. But these dates, though they seem the same, are not really so, since the one depends on the Old Style and the other on the New.

The house where the Prince took up his quarters was at that time the property of the Earl of Exeter, but now belongs to Mr. Mousley. He is agent to Lord Chesterfield's estates in this county; and my Chesterfield cousinship obtained for us a cordial welcome and a complete inspection. The house stands in Fall Street, near the Market Place; on one side a small triangular court, which fronts the street; on the other side a long

garden stretching down to the river. At the end of this garden there was formerly a ferry; and it is recorded by the tradition of the place that it was over this ferry that Prince Charles took his way on the morning of his retreat, the 6th of December, mounted his horse in the meadow beyond, and rode back over the stone bridge which stands farther down; his object being, no doubt, by this wide circuit to conceal from the townsmen, and almost perhaps from himself, the fact of his retreat and the direction of his march.

In the garden, close to the old ferry, a fine branching chestnut tree looks down upon the river. It may, I think, have been standing in "the Forty Five," and was planted in early youth by a gentleman of Derby, who survived till upwards of ninety, and died within twenty years of this time. Mr. Mousley told me that he used to come regularly once every year to the garden, to have a look at his favourite tree, and had more than once described to him Prince Charles, whom he perfectly well remembered at Derby, as a handsome fair-haired young man. He also used to tell this story. During the day the Highlanders staid, the Mayor of the town resolved to pay his respects to their leader. Accordingly he went to Lord Exeter's house—was let in by the Highlander at the gate—and walked up to the top of the stairs. There at the top stood another of "the petticoat men," as the Highlanders at that juncture used to be called in England, and so grim-looking as a little to flurry his Worship's nerves. Thus, when this new-made Master of the Ceremonies asked him, before he threw open the door for his re-

ception, "Whom do you wish to see, sir?" he lost his presence of mind; and instead of answering, as he ought, "the Prince," recurred to his accustomed phrase, and called out "The Pretender!" Upon this, as the story goes on, he was very unceremoniously kicked down from the top of the stairs to the bottom, with these words: "Rascal that you are, if you want to see a pretender, you should go to St. James's!"

But I forget that all this time I am leaving you outside the house—a piece of ill-manners of which Mr. Mousley himself would never have been guilty. It is a substantial handsome brick building, the front to the garden apparently much the same as it was a century ago. The dining-room is on the ground floor, but its character has been completely altered by modern improvements, which will no doubt be better appreciated by Mr. Mousley's convivial guests than by his antiquarian visitors. The staircase however is of dark polished oak, with carved balustrades, the same as when trod by the feet of the insurgents. On the first floor the drawing-room is equally unaltered; it is all over wainscoted with ancient oak, very dark and handsome, and looks out, as also the dining-room below, into the garden. At present the walls are adorned with several pictures, among which I recognised, not inappropriately, Prince Charles himself, and another of his truant wife in after years, the Countess of Albany.

In this drawing-room it was that Charles held his Councils all through the day of the 5th of December, on the great question, "Advance or Retreat?" There it was that early in the morning Lord George Murray

came in, followed by the other chiefs, and declared that, unless there were some certain promise or near hope of English aid, they would go no further into England. Then it was that Charles tried entreaties and arguments by turns, but both in vain, exclaiming, with no ungenerous warmth, "Sooner than go back, I would wish to be twenty feet under ground!" There it was that in fact they discussed and decided the fate, for the time, of England. For the papers which I have lately seen in the State Paper Office have confirmed me more and more in my opinion, that had the young Adventurer marched forward, he would, in the first instance at least, have prevailed. "The army at Finchley," of which the London newspapers were boasting, was only as yet it seems an army upon paper, and Charles had got one or two marches in advance of the army of the Duke of Cumberland.

Nor was this last army as yet, perhaps, in a condition to engage him upon equal terms. I have found in the State Paper Office two unpublished letters received by the Duke of Newcastle from Sir Everard Fawkener, who was Chief of the Staff to the Duke of Cumberland at this juncture. From these I took some extracts that I have now by me. Both the letters are dated from the same place, and on the same day, namely, Stafford, 2nd of December, 1745. The first letter seems to show that much confusion and skurry prevailed at the Duke's head-quarters, and also indicates a wholly erroneous idea as to the insurgents' line of march. Had the Highland chiefs advanced at all, it was to have been straight on London. But here are Sir Everard's own words:—

"I shall send your Grace some of our latest and best intelligence: one is confounded by the multiplicity of it, but I will endeavour to separate for your Grace's perusal. The best appearance and the last of all seems to be that they are trying for Wales; for Broken Cross is to the westward or south-west of Macclesfield, and to go from thence to Nantwich, they must pass not very far from our advanced post at Congleton."

The second letter of the same date says:—

"By to-morrow the Duke will have eleven old battalions, and ten old and two new squadrons. . . . . The nation never had more depending on one event."

From this sentence we may in some degree compute the real numbers. Each battalion in this age was commonly taken at between four and five hundred men when prepared for a campaign, but was always reckoned at much less when at home and not expecting service. There were many deductions in the latter case for furloughs, or sick leave, or for the deficiencies to be filled up by recruiting; so that as far as I am able to compute, from my reading of this period, I should estimate each battalion at home at scarcely more than three hundred men. The squadrons taken when abroad as of 120 men, may be taken at home as perhaps of 100. On this basis then the Duke of Cumberland's force, at the beginning of December, 1745, would be only 3300 foot and 1200 horse.[1] Now, the Highland army at

[1] When on learning, somewhat tardily, the retreat of the insurgents, the Duke of Cumberland set off in pursuit, and engaged

Derby, allowing for the English accessions obtained in Lancashire, was very little short of 5500 men. It follows, that had they marched onward, or given battle to the Duke of Cumberland before Wade could come up from Newcastle, and before the paper army at Finchley could be turned into a real one, they would have had a superiority in numbers; and I think that, looking at things as they stood then, with Preston Pans in our retrospect and Falkirk in our anticipation, we may fairly claim for them an equality in valour.

This is no doubt very different from the computations that were spread about at the time by the friends of the Established Government, and with good effect, for these computations certainly imposed on some of the Highland chiefs. The ablest of them all, Lord George Murray (in his own narrative as published with Bishop Forbes's papers), tells us, I remember, of the opinion which he gave at the Derby Council; and it was that if they did decide on marching southwards, they would speedily find themselves surrounded by above 30,000 men!

On the other hand, the lesser chiefs, as well as the rank and file of the Highland army, were in excellent spirits, and fully prepared for an advance. Of this I could judge by somewhere about a hundred letters from officers and men. Many had availed themselves of

them in the skirmish of Clifton on the 18th of December, his force was estimated at 4000 men. See the Memoirs of Chevalier Johnstone, who was present (p. 94, ed. 1822). But this affords no exact criterion, since on the one hand the Duke had left part of his infantry behind him, and on the other hand was joined upon his march by some of Wade's horse.

their day of rest to write home, and they had put their epistles into the Derby post-office. But on their retreat next day, all these communications were seized and sent to London, and they have since found a place in the State Paper Office, where I had the opportunity of seeing them.

This then, I thought as I gazed around me, is the room in which the decision, so fraught with interest to England, was finally taken. Yonder stands the very mantelpiece against which the Duke of Perth, as is recorded, was mournfully leaning his head during the debate; until at length looking up, he said that he was still convinced that marching onward would be their ruin, but that as the Prince so passionately desired it, he would give his vote to follow him—through life or to death.

It is painful to reflect—for even while condemning the cause, we cannot but give our sympathy to the gallant spirits engaged in it—how few of those that sat in council at Derby but were reserved for some grievous form of death or of distress. Far from accomplishing the triumph which they sought in their advance, they did not even secure the safety for which their retreat was designed. How some fell amidst the war-cry of Culloden; how some, less fortunate, died by the hangman's hands at Kennington or Hairriby; how some had to pine away their lives, and consume as it were their very hearts in hopeless exile; while one or two of them perhaps, like their ill-fated chief, may have in the course of their darkening years incurred self-inflicted degradation, and added intemperance to their other woes; all this, in

their own Scottish phrase, would be "an ower-true tale." But my letter is already much longer than I had intended, and I must hasten to subscribe myself,

Ever affectionately yours,

MAHON.

Note.

Returning to Derby some years afterwards, I found that this house had meanwhile been levelled to the ground, in order to enlarge the wharf. I inquired as to the oak panels of the drawing-room, which I thought might have been kept together and put up elsewhere, but I was informed that they had been sold in lots and so dispersed. None of the gentlemen at Derby seemed to have felt the least interest in the matter.—S.

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M. DE SISMONDI ON HISTORY AND POLITICS.

1835–1842.

M. de Sismondi à Lord Mahon.

Chesne, près Genève, 29 mai, 1835.

. . . . . .

Je profite d'une occasion pour vous envoyer quelques-uns de mes petits écrits qui vous feront mieux connaître ma politique spéculative. La vôtre, je le suppose, vous laissera libre de recommencer cette année vos voyages; oserai-je vous dire que je le désire? Il y a quelque chose de bien alarmant dans l'état social de toute l'Europe, et de bien vague et de bien présomptueux dans les projets de ceux qui veulent donner aux États des bases toutes nouvelles. Combien dans ces circonstances une Monarchie doit redouter de changer fréquemment de Ministère! Combien chacune de ces convulsions l'affaiblit! A mon sens le vrai patriotisme pour vous, my Lord, et vos amis, c'est de soutenir le Ministère actuel, quoique vous ne l'aimiez pas, crainte d'un pire. C'est surtout de conserver ce ton d'égard, de convenance, de confiance dans l'honneur, entre les hommes de partis différents, que les journaux Anglais foulent aux pieds, mais que les hommes Parlementaires conservent encore, tandis que les Français l'ont com-

plétement perdu. C'est l'abolition de tout sentiment de respect qui met en France la Société elle-même en danger. En Angleterre ce culte des convenances est confié à l'Aristocratie. Tant qu'elle la respectera et la fera respecter j'aurai espoir dans l'avenir.

M. de Sismondi à Lord Mahon.

Chesne, près Genève, 6 dec., 1835.

. . . . . .

Je crois en effet avoir pris congé de l'Histoire. J'ai amené celle des Français jusqu'à la paix de Verviers, 1598; mon xxi^e^. volume paraîtra avant la fin de l'année, et je n'en puis plus. Je n'ai plus le courage d'ouvrir une chronique, de penser à des batailles ou des perfidies. Ma tête est tellement fatiguée que je ne doute pas qu'un effort pour continuer me coûterait la vie. Je ne renonce pas encore à tout travail cependant; je me suis rejeté sur ceux que je puis faire sans étudier de nouveau. Je prépare des Etudes sur la Science Sociale, dont le prémier volume, 'Théorie des Constitutions Libres,' paraîtra j'espère avant la fin de l'hiver. Il se composera en partie de brochures auxquelles vous avez bien voulu accorder votre suffrage, en partie d'autres, mais destinées à combler les vuides que celles-là laisseraient entr'elles. Mon but est surtout de prouver que chaque peuple doit autant que possible travailler sur le fonds qu'il possède, au lieu de se donner des institutions nouvelles; qu'il y a dans le caractère, dans les affections, dans les préjugés, des peuples, une

puissance qu'il ne faut jamais heurter, mais au contraire dont le législateur habile sait profiter. Ainsi sans doute l'Angleterre est par excellence en Europe un pays à affections héréditaires. Si j'envoque théoriquement une Chambre Haute, c'est à dire une Chambre destinée à forcer la nation à refléchir avant de vouloir, au lieu de la laisser vouloir avant d'avoir refléchi, je ne l'aurais probablement pas constituée comme elle est en Angleterre; mais celui qui l'observe en Angleterre est bien aveugle s'il ne voit pas qu'elle remplit précisement l'office auquel elle devait être destinée. Je me flatte en effet, comme vous, my Lord, que vous avez échappé aux chances d'une Révolution; et certes ce que j'admire le plus dans la nation Anglaise c'est cette sagesse du peuple qui s'arrête de lui-même au milieu de la plus vive fermentation, tandis que partout ailleurs l'action de la multitude accompagne toujours sa pensée et la porte par conséquent au delà de ce qu'elle même avait voulu.

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Votre dévoué serviteur,

J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

M. de Sismondi à Lord Mahon.

Chesne, près Genève, 1 juillet, 1838.

. . . . . .

J'ai promis de terminer mon Histoire des Français en trois volumes qui la meneront jusqu'en 1789. Je marcherai plus sommairement que je n'ai fait jusqu'ici; ni mon age, ni les temps, trop familiers aux

lecteurs, ne me permettent plus de si longues recherches . . . . Les passions politiques qui troublaient la Suisse il y a trois ans avant mon depart sont déjà remplacées par d'autres. Mais ne craignez pas d'avoir jugé trop sévèrement les sottises que nous avons faites. Sans doute dans nos vingt-deux Cantons, qui suivent chacun une marche différente, il y en a eu assez pour ajouter beaucoup plus à notre expérience qu'à notre réputation.

Je partis d'ici au mois de Février, 1836, pour aller trouver les enfans de ma sœur à Pescia en Toscane, où j'ai une petite propriété. La mort de deux de ses fils, le mariage de ses deux filles, m'ont fait prolonger mon séjour bien plus que je ne m'y serais jamais attendu. J'ai cependant passé aussi quelque temps aux Bains de Lueques, à Florence, à Rome, à Nice; puis j'ai séjourné trois mois à Paris avant de revenir ici. Je me souviens, my Lord, de vous avoir entendu comparer les Espagnols aux Italiens, et donner la préference aux prémiers autant que je la donne aux seconds. Je crois encore qui si vous aviez vécu en Italie comme moi, vous sentiriez avec moi que plus on connaît de près les Italiens plus on les aime.

. . . . . .

Votre dévoué serviteur,

J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

M. de Sismondi à Lord Mahon.

Chesne, près Genève, 6 janvier, 1839.

. . . . . .

Je n'ai point de honte de solliciter ainsi un présent,[1] et cependant je ne vous ai point offert le peu que je pouvais en retour. Ce n'est certes pas faute d'envie que vous me fissiez l'honneur de lire mes trois volumes des Sciences Sociales que j'ai publié dans le cours de ces trois ans, ou même mon précis de l'Histoire des Français que j'ai publié il y a un mois. Malgré l'indiscrétion d'accabler un homme d'État de mes cinq gros volumes, j'aurais pris cette liberté dans l'espoir que plusieurs de mes principes obtiendraient votre approbation ; mais la rigueur des droits à l'entrée des livres en Angleterre fait qu'on n'ose charger aucun voyageur d'une telle commission.

Il y a certes dans l'état de toute notre politique Européenne quelque chose de bien décourageant et bien alarmant. On voit de toutes parts faiblesse et impuissance dans les Gouvernements et on n'entrevoit pas même la possibilité d'une issue. Peut-être vous, my Lord, dans la chaleur de la lutte en attribuez vous la faute aux hommes publics. Je suis plus disposé à remarquer ce qu'il y a de louable en eux, et en Angleterre et en France, où je les connais davantage, à rapporter l'impossibilité d'avancer à une circonstance fort nouvelle : c'est, que dans tout pays il ne reste plus que des minorités ; aucune opinion, comme aucuns chefs de parti, n'ont pour eux la majorité. C'est, sans doute, la

[1] A volume of his correspondent's History.

conséquence du progrès des discussions et l'augmentation même de la lumière. La raison humaine est tellement multiforme que plus elle s'exerce sur un sujet plus elle le voit se modifier selon l'individualité de chacun. La Religion soumise à l'examen ne reste point une, mais la foi de chacun se compose des vérités enseignées que chaque esprit à modifié selon sa portée et sa force de conception. De même le principe du pouvoir n'est plus ou celui du Droit Divin ou celui du droit populaire, mais chaque esprit capable d'examen a admis selon sa capacité plus ou moins de l'un, plus ou moins de l'autre. On range les opinions politiques sous cinq ou six divisions en France; vous en avez au moins autant en Angleterre, et dans chaque division encore les individus différent. Que peut faire un Ministère qui n'a derrière lui que le quart ou le cinquième de l'Assemblée, et qui pour se faire une majorité sur chaque question est obligé à transiger sans cesse avec des opinions qui ne sont pas les siennes, de s'abstenir quand il devrait agir, de faire toujours plus ou moins qu'il ne voudrait? Abandonnera-t-il le gouvernail? mais ce serait sacrifier la patrie, car la parti qui s'en saisirait après lui ne formerait de même que le quart ou le cinquième de l'assemblée.

Nous éprouvons tous vos embarras dans nos petites républiques Suisses, et peut-être bien d'autres par-dessus le marché. Notre Pacte Fédéral, tout absurde qu'il était, marchait cependant lorsque le pouvoir directorial était confié tour à tour à la prudence de trois Sénats aristocratiques. Ces trois Cantons sont justement ceux qui ont éprouvé les révolutions les plus violentes;

trois démocraties leur ont succédé, et deux d'entr'elles au moins sont fort corrompues. Aussi les gens sages à Genève et ailleurs tendent non point à corriger ce Pacte, non point à fortifier le gouvernement fédéral, mais à l'affaiblir toujours plus par défiance des mains qui l'exercent. Les révolutions des autres Cantons n'ont pas amené au pouvoir des hommes plus sages, mais quand l'État est fort petit, que les places rendent fort peu, que l'ambition et la vanité sont peu flattées, la fermentation politique se calme assez vite, en sorte que les Cantons qui n'ont point de part au pouvoir directorial, ont retrouvé tant bien que mal l'ordre et la tranquillité. Restent les anciens Cantons démocratiques avec leur suffrage universel dès l'age de dixhuit ans. Ils n'ont pas changé en effet, mais il se sont étrangement corrompus. Dans les délibérations de Schwytz, on vend et on achète les suffrages publiquement sans honte, sans remords, excepté dans la guerre civile actuelle où par discorde entre les propriétaires des grands et des petits troupeaux, les *hommes à corne* et les *hommes à pied fourchu* se disputent le profit de leurs pâturages et ne vendent pas au dessous de son prix un intérêt tout pécuniaire. Ah! nous aussi nous n'avons que trop occasion de nous inquiéter et de nous affliger de l'avenir.

Pardon, my Lord, d'un si long bavardage; daignez n'y voir qu'une preuve nouvelle de ma confiance et de mon respectueux attachement.

J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

M. de Sismondi à Lord Mahon.

Chesne, 22 mars, 1840.

. . . . . .

Vous êtes trop versé dans l'art d'écrire pour ne pas sentir combien a dû être fâcheuse pour moi l'obligation de rapetisser Henri IV. et Sully, que j'avais annoncé d'avance comme des héros dans l'histoire de France, et sur lesquels je comptais pour interrompre cette succession rébutante de crimes, de sottise, et de corruption, au travers de laquelle j'avais dû me traîner. Avant d'avoir étudié je conservais l'impression que m'avait laissé le *rifaccimento* de Sully par l'Abbé de l'Ecluse, un des livres le plus attachants que je connaisse, et qui a je crois le plus contribué à faire la réputation du grand Roi et du grand Ministre. Hélas! comme les 'Œconomies Royales' ressemblent peu à ce livre![1] C'est bien malgré moi je vous assure que j'ai dû perdre mes illusions.

Le Journal de Lenet a un très-grand intérêt dans toute la partie qui est publiée, celle où il racontait la guerre de Claire Clémence de Maillé, dont il était le conseil et le vrai directeur. Mais lorsqu'elle signa la paix à Bordeaux, lorsque le Prince de Condé recommenca à la négliger et la mépriser, Lenet ne fut plus lui-même qu'un personnage fort secondaire, et je regrette moins de n'avoir pas vu la suite de ses Mémoires avant d'écrire l'histoire des guerres civiles qu'on

[1] On the 'Œconomies Royales,' and the part which Sully really had in them, two very able essays, by Mons. F. J. Parrens, appeared in the *Comptes rendus à l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, janvier et mars*, 1871.

imprime dans ce moment. Je sens presque à toute heure que je devrais savoir, que je devrais connaître, des sources que je néglige dans cette histoire de Louis XIV.; mais il faut avancer et compléter mon œuvre, car c'est une chose bizarre à quel point tous les commérages de ce regne sont connus de tous, tandis qu'il n'existe nulle part une vraie histoire de France à cette époque.

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Votre bien dévoué Serviteur,
J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

M. de Sismondi à Lord Mahon.

Chesne, près Genève, 4 août, 1839.

. . . . . .

Mais, my Lord, pourquoi en posant la plume, reservez vous pour l'usage de l'homme d'État ces expressions véhémentes, ce droit d'attaquer les sentiments, les talents, le caractère, de vos adversaires, auxquels vous renoncez comme historien? Pourquoi limitez-vous à un passé sur lequel nous n'avons plus d'influence cette belle leçon morale: "Let us earnestly resolve and strive to give every person and every party their due, and no more than their due." Je la crois essentielle au présent comme au passé, dans la vie active comme dans la contemplation. Je la crois nécessaire, surtout aujourd'hui, que le premier devoir du patriote c'est de ne pas affaiblir le pouvoir, de ne pas déconsidérer ceux qui s'efforcent de maintenir encore les liens relâchés de la Société. Qu'ils le fassent plus ou moins habilement

ce ne sont jamais eux qui sont les vrais ennemis. Il y a toujours injustice, et peut-être toujours imprudence, à les accuser des dangers d'une situation qu'ils n'ont pas faite, et dont les causes échappent au pouvoir de tout Gouvernement. A l'intérieur sans doute l'ordre social tout entier est en péril, mais il l'est par un changement survenu dans l'économie politique des nations, et la vôtre surtout, que personne n'a voulu, dont personne ne s'est rendu compte. Il l'est parceque la grande masse de la nation se compose désormais de laboureurs sans terres, et d'artisans sans atelier que leur maître peut congédier tous les samedis et condamner au désespoir et à la famine. Cette condition, qui n'existait point autrefois mais qui comprend aujourd'hui presque tout homme qui travaille, est la pépinière de vos Chartistes et de vos Radicaux. On les rallie avec des mots qu'ils ne comprennent pas, autour de principes faux ou inapplicables, mais leur puissance est bien réelle, et la diminution annuelle des salaires ne peut qu'augmenter leur nombre. Dieu les garde de la victoire, car plus ils seraient puissants plus ils rendraient leur sort malheureux, ainsi que celui de la nation; mais Dieu nous garde aussi de nous faire illusion sur leurs souffrance, auxquelles nous devons remédier, ou sur leur puissance et le danger dont ils nous menacent.

Au dehors les difficultés s'accumulent également. Elles ne viennent pas des hommes qui sont au pouvoir, mais du fond même des choses. Ce sont les progrès même de la prosperité qui ont causé la fermentation du Canada en lui donnant le sentiment de sa puissance. Aux Indes Occidentales l'émancipation des nègres est

un des actes les plus beaux, les plus généreux, qu'ait fait aucune nation, mais l'enthousiasme populaire l'a précipité malgré le Ministère, de manière à ne pas laisser le temps d'élever au rang des paysans ceux qu'on sortait du rang des esclaves. En Irlande vous nous faites voir dans votre histoire tous les germes des calamités qui devaient grandir et qui la désolent aujourd'hui. Aux Indes c'est l'étendue de l'empire et sa prospérité qui semblent avoir tourné la tête de ceux qui la gouvernent, et qui les précipite dans des guerres imprudentes. Au Levant la Turquie vermoulue tombe par son propre poids, et on ne rend pas de la force à un empire en lui conservant malgré lui une intégrité que chacun de ses membres repousse.

Jamais peut-être circonstances plus graves ne se sont combinées pour rendre difficile le Gouvernement. La tâche des Ministres dépasse je crois l'étendue des forces humaines. Pourquoi donc se réserver le droit d'employer contr'eux un langage véhément? Pourquoi ce langage se fait il entendre en effet dans les deux Chambres et dans les journaux, de la part de *Conservateurs* qui détruisent ce qui est important de conserver, le respect pour le pouvoir? Il me semble voir dans les Ministres des hommes qui travaillent à la pompe d'un vaisseau qui fait eau de toutes parts; à leurs chutes répétées on reconnaît qu'ils succombent à la fatigue. Soutenez les, encouragez les, mais ne cherchez pas à les animer à coup d'étrivières, et si vous prenez leurs places que ce soit sans combat, car si vous suspendez un moment le travail des pompes l'eau croissante vous gagnera et vous noyera tous. Que de dangers de toutes parts!

Que de motifs pour désirer que les hommes éminents de tous les partis se réunissent au lieu de se combattre!

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J. L. C. DE SISMONDI.

M. de Sismondi à Lord Mahon.

Chesne, 23 mai, 1841.

Je suis bien flatté, my Lord, de l'aimable souvenir auquel je suis redevable d'une lettre de vous. Je ne saurais penser sans une vive reconnaissance à l'accueil que vous avez bien voulu me faire à Londres. La mémoire m'en est d'autant plus précieuse que j'ai moins l'espérance d'en jouir encore une fois. Je suis entré dans ma 69ème anneé, et ce qui compte plus que l'age, je suis atteint depuis neuf ou dix mois d'un mal qui probablement ne me quittera plus, un gonflement d'estomac et un hoquet qui dure le plus souvent du moment où ie me lève à celui où je me couche.

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Il y avait de votre part, my Lord, une bonté toute particulière à songer à moi au milieu de cette crise qui ébranle aujourd'hui votre pays, et que je contemple de loin avec une curiosité triste, avec tremblement, sans oser faire des vœux pour personne. Il n'en aurait pas été de même il y à une année. Mes sympathies étaient alors toutes pour les Whigs, pour des Ministres en qui j'aimais le désir du bien, du progrès, quoique je ne fusse pas toujours sans inquiétude sur leurs expériences. Mais leur politique étrangère, les guerres injustes et cruelles dans lesquelles ils ont précipité la nation, ont fait une révolution en moi. Je ne sais pas ce que je dois attendre

à l'avenir; je sais bien que pour l'univers, hors de votre île, je n'ai plus rien à regretter à leur chute.

Je crois bien que la meilleure politique était celle de la France. Par l'intégrité de l'Empire Ottoman elle entendait "laissons les s'arranger entr'eux; veillons seulement à ce qu'aucun voisin ne s'agrandisse à leurs dépens." Il était devenu assez évident que le sabre d'Othman ne suffisait plus pour gouverner l'empire, que les Turcs fort inférieurs en nombre, plus inférieurs encore en talents, ne pouvaient maintenir leur domination sur tant de nations sujettes, à la fois plus fortes et plus habiles qu'eux. Nous devions assister à la naissance de peuples nouveaux, à peu près comme à la chute de l'Empire Romain au moyen age. Ce qui a suivi la guerre de l'année passée, et les convulsions actuelles de la Turquie d'Europe, montrent assez que vous avez affaibli le Sultan au lieu de le fortifier, et que le danger du côté de la Russie est doublé. Mais on peut deviner mal les evènements; ce n'est encore qu'une erreur de l'esprit, tandis que l'établissement par la violence de nos théories chez des étrangers sur lesquels nous n'avons aucun droit est un crime. On a beaucoup débattu dans les deux Parlements si votre expédition en Syrie était une offense pour la France. Aux yeux de l'humanité ce n'est pas là qu'est la question. Aviez vous une cause légitime de guerre contre le Pacha d'Egypte?—prince feudataire comme les Electeurs de l'Empire et qui a eu de tout temps le droit de guerre et de paix. Voici déjà plus de six mois depuis ces sanglantes exécutions; et le Ministère Anglais n'a pas indiqué seulement une offense, un grief, qui put motiver des hostilités. Alors

qu'est ce que les bombardements, l'incendie des villes, l'excitation à l'insurrection, la destruction de l'armée Egyptienne, des crimes, des meurtres, dont le nombre et la grandeur ne diminuent point l'atrocité? Dans une guerre sans cause, sans prétexte, l'Anglais s'est conduit en barbare, Mehemet Ali en Prince civilisé. Je ne dis pas qu'il n'y eut rien à faire pour la Syrie; l'influence Européenne pouvait la protéger, alléger son joug, au lieu de l'incendier et de mettre des armes aux mains de toutes les factions.

La guerre de la Chine me cause un sentiment d'horreur et de pitié plus profond encore. Il me semble voir diriger des colonnes d'infanterie et d'artillerie sur les écoles de l'enfance; c'est une horrible boucherie que le massacre d'êtres qui n'ont aucun moyen de se defendre. Une guerre est dejà jugée quand on voit des millions d'hommes tués d'un coté, quelques individus blessés de l'autre. Et puis le motif de cette guerre; le commerce d'opium et le commerce des nègres sont deux forfaits d'égale noirceur; de même c'est le sacrifice à la cupidité des droits du bonheur, de la vertu, de nations entières. L'année passée les Tories attaquèrent le Ministère sur cette guerre en lui reprochant l'iniquité de son objet. Lord Wellington se sépara alors de ses amis en déclarant que ce n'était pas pour la contrebande que vous vous battiez, mais pour obtenir réparation d'une insulte au représentant de l'Angleterre. Fort bien, vous l'avez obtenue, mais que signifie alors l'indemnité pécuniaire, et comment excuser le renouvellement annoncé des hostilités pour obtenir plus d'argent encore en faveur de contrebandiers qui ne méritent que la ruine?

Je suis loin d'avoir des opinions arrêtées sur les monopoles qui sont aujourd'hui l'objet du débat entre les deux partis. Quant aux sucres, dès que vos colonies seront bien organisées je n'ai aucun doute que le travail libre ne soutienne avec avantage la concurrence du travail servile ; qu'il ne soit beaucoup plus économique au planteur de payer ses ouvriers en argent plutôt qu'en coups de fouet, l'espoir faisant faire bien plus et de meilleur ouvrage que la crainte ; mais la loi présentée par le Ministère me paraît prématurée. Ce n'est pas lorsque vos ateliers sont encore dans un état de désordre et presque d'ivresse qu'ils peuvent braver la concurrence de la Havane et du Brésil.

La question des blés me fait naître des doutes de même nature. Ce n'est pas de la rente des propriétaires non plus que des fermiers que je me préoccupe ; les riches se tireront toujours assez d'affaire ; mais il ne me semble pas que dans vos débats Parlementaires on traite la question du pauvre sous son vrai point de vue. Pour le bonheur d'une nation ce n'est point de procurer des vivres à bon marché qu'il s'agit, mais bien d'assurer aux hommes la demande du travail et son salaire. Il importe peu que le pain soit cher pourvu que l'ouvrier soit assez bien payé pour l'acheter en abondance au prix du marché. Or de tous les pays de la terre il n'y en a aucun où l'agriculture emploie moins de bras que l'Angleterre, soit comparativement à la masse de ses produits ou aux classes de la population qui n'y sont pas employées. Convient-il de diminuer encore cette proportion ? Convient-il de renvoyer encore cent mille familles peut-être des champs dans les villes ? Le but

de ceux qui demandent la liberté du commerce des grains est de faire que le quart ou le cinquième de la population Anglaise se nourrisse de blés étrangers; mais c'est précisément comme demander que le quart ou le cinquième des laboureurs de l'Angleterre renoncent à cultiver le blé; et en effet ils annoncent que beaucoup de terres trop pauvres pour être profitables ont été mises en culture à taux de monopole, et qu'on les remettra en pâturage dès que les ports seront ouverts. Chose étrange, que personne ne parle de ce que deviendront les familles qui les labourent! Les ateliers des villes déjà surchargés de mains inutiles sont-ils en état de les recevoir? La baisse des salaires, soit dans les campagnes d'où on les chassera, soit dans les villes où ils reflueront, ne fera-t-elle pas pour augmenter la misère plus que compenser la baisse du pain? Les chefs d'atelier y gagneront peut-être; la baisse des salaires leur permettra de vendre davantage de leurs produits au dehors, mais le pauvre sera plus mal. Je n'en conclus point que l'état actuel soit bon; bien au contraire. Dans tout le reste de l'Europe l'ancienne organisation du travail qui associe le laboureur au produit de ses sueurs subsiste encore, et elle le dérobe aux funestes effets de la concurrence universelle, et aux révolutions aléatoires d'un marché trop vaste. Mais dans l'état économique auquel vous êtes arrivé toutes les innovations semblent produire un même effet, augmenter la richesse du riche et la misère du pauvre.

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Votre dévoué serviteur,

J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

M. de Sismondi à Lord Mahon.

Chesne, près Genève, 25 octobre, 1841.

Puissiez vous, my Lord, réaliser le projet que j'ai tant de plaisir à vous entendre annoncer, de visiter de nouveau notre lac et nos montagnes avec Lady Mahon, et le faire pendant que je suis encore en état de profiter du plaisir extrême de vous revoir? Je suis toujours tourmenté par le même insupportable hoquet dont je vous parlais il y a six mois; et cette petite convulsion qui m'interrompt quatre ou cinq fois à chaque phrase me rend bien peu propre à la conversation; mais il me semble que l'entraînement de parler avec vous me le ferait oublier.

. . . . . .

Il y a en effet quelque chose d'alarmant, je ne dirai pas dans la politique de l'Angleterre mais dans celle du monde entier; c'est cette irritation sourde qui se manifeste moins encore dans les Cabinets que dans les nations, cette disposition morbide de croire l'honneur national compromis par la moindre concession, cette brutalité, je dirais presque, avec laquelle chacun répète: Ou ma volonté ou la guerre; tandis que le grand but de la diplomatie doit être la conciliation, que la paix ne se maintient dans la république du monde civilisé que par des transactions continuelles entre des intérêts et plus encore des préjugés opposés. Ce sont toujours les gouvernements libres qui se montrent les plus entiers dans leurs prétentions, les plus éloignés de transiger, parceque la voix du peuple à l'intérieur parle si haut

qu'elle ne leur laisse pas entendre la voix du reste de l'Europe ; et ne vous en déplaise, c'est ce qui me semble être arrivé aux Whigs d'Angleterre et aux Hollandais quand ils repoussaient la paix d'Utrecht. Mais ces volontés inflexibles, qu'on ne trouvait jadis que dans ces deux Etats libres, on les rencontre de toutes parts aujourd'hui ; la France, les Etats Unis, et dans leur anarchie l'Espagne, le Portugal, et tous les Etats nouveaux nés de leur débris, sont tous intraitables, tous n'écoutant que la voix qui retentit en dedans, la voix qui fortifie tous les préjugés, toutes les animosités, la voix qui empêche toute concession à faire pour le bien de la paix. Aussi je l'avoue je suis fort effrayé de ce qui va se passer.

A moins d'une grande prudence, d'une grande modération, les hostilités vont éclater avec l'Amérique, et votre marine dans le moment actuel vous donne un si prodigieux avantage que vous aurez dans les premiers mois des succès qui feront frémir l'humanité. Peut-être allez vous brûler New York et trois ou quatre autres grandes villes. C'est là votre plus grand danger, car en ruinant les Américains vous ne les subjuguerez pas, mais en même temps que vous vous ruinerez vous mêmes en détruisant votre commerce avec eux vous exciterez un tel ressentiment chez les neutres que peut-être malgré eux les Gouvernements du Continent prendront part à la guerre. Depuis longtemps il existe des jalousies et des animosités croissantes contre l'Angleterre ; c'est un funeste héritage que vous a laissé le dernier Ministère et qu'il a grossi avec une indiscrétion bien coupable.

Je suis bien flatté du témoignage d'attention pour ce que je pouvais dire que vous avez bien voulu m'attirer de Sir Robert Peel.[1] C'est bien sincèrement que je fais des vœux pour ses succès, car se sera de la sagesse de ses mesures que dépendra notre tranquillité presque notre existence à tous.

J'espère si ma santé n'empire pas, àvoir ici à une année terminé mon grand ouvrage. Il aura 29 volumes de texte et un de tables. Il est dejà tout esquissé. . . . Venez donc ici My Lord, l'année prochaine prendre les volumes qui vous manquent, car je ne sais comment vous les envoyer. Venez, que j'aie encore une fois le plaisir de vous entendre avant de mourir.

Votre dévoué serviteur,

J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

Note.

M. de Sismondi wrote to me once more on the following 27th of February, and did not long survive the date of that last letter. He died at Chesnes, June 25, 1842, at the age of 69. S.

[1] To whom the preceding letter had been shown.

MR. HALLAM ON ENGLISH POLITICS.

1841–1845.

My correspondence with Mr. Hallam was very full and unreserved, and it continued for upwards of twenty years—from 1835 to 1856. Here it is designed to offer only a few extracts, which may yet suffice to show, whether or not we agree in his conclusions on all points, the upright spirit and discriminating judgment which that eminent writer applied, not only to the events of bygone ages, but also to contemporary politics.

These extracts are all derived from his letters during Sir Robert Peel's last administration, and bear a remarkable testimony to the character and conduct of that great statesman. S.

Mr. Hallam to Lord Mahon.

Brighton, Oct. 13, 1841.

. . . . . .

I perfectly agree with you that Peel has shown admirable judgment in the disposal of offices. Not exactly, as you say, that I think each man selected for his aptitude for the post. But we must look on Peel as a Minister who has to consult the claims of his followers. . . . As to the probable result, I look forward as

favourably as you do. And you may remember that I have several times differed from you at the beginning of a Session as to the duration of the last Ministry, which I always held to be more secure than you did; so that I may take more credit for my present judgment. . . . . One thing is clear to me, that Peel is safe for this Parliament; and considering his great prudence, and the disunion of his adversaries, I do not see much probability of a reaction in public opinion, so as to destroy his majority in the next. At the same time, it is only a majority of ninety, which, though perhaps better for him in some respects than if it had been double, is liable to contingencies.

The permanent danger is from the continual growth of population, and its accumulation in great towns, and the consequent pressure of distress. The repeal of the Corn Laws would, I believe, give but a temporary relief, and even aggravate the disease. But it will probably be expedient to modify the present duties, which have always struck me as rather too high. It is particularly difficult to resist the natural prejudice in favour of buying subsistence when you can get it; and this question, so newly taken up, will be the strength of the Opposition. I do not, therefore, when I speak of looking favourably on the present state of things, or to be more accurate, of their looking favourably, mean to dissemble that I see great cause for apprehension at a period not distant in the sense in which we apply "distant period" to nations, but beyond that short time on which we usually calculate the duration of a Ministry. I dare not say that I think the country safe

for twenty years from some great crisis; but I do not think one will occur before 1850.

The remark you make that the world is likely to be more indulgent to governments in inevitable difficulties than formally, seems to be very just, and another is allied to it; that as Sir Robert Peel is rather esteemed than idolized, they will not expect wonders from him, and be better satisfied with that fair and sensible administration he is likely to give them.

Do you remember a description in Gibbon of a battle in the Archipelago between the Genoese and Venetian fleets? The Emperor lent a few galleys to one side or the other; but, says Gibbon, the weight of the Roman Empire was hardly felt in the scales of the rival Republics. Is not this like the English Monarchy in the late contest of Whigs and Tories? Was its weight felt for a moment? This opens a great field for political reflection, but I will not start new game, lest I should make you throw this into the fire. But when your party are called Tories, and I look at the effect of some late divisions on the Monarchy, I must cry out—

"Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed."

I shall twit Inglis with this, who affects the name of Tory. As for me, I am an old Whig, and so must every Stanhope be.

Ryde, August 31, 1842.

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I do not quite know what to think of the Northern insurrection. It does not assume a very political com-

plexion, nor is it as yet attended with many outrages on property; but the duration has been too long, and we cannot but consider the simultaneous outburst and the apparent organisation as somewhat formidable for the future. But for this time it will probably be appeased; and, indeed, one might almost confide in the Star of Peel. How brilliant is his present position! I should really say, that, comparing him with the three men who have at given times shone out most conspicuously in our nearest history—Lord Chatham in 1757, Mr. Pitt in 1784, and Canning in 1827—he bids fair to culminate above them all; I do not mean in talents, nor in total reputation; but in the particular circumstances of his accession to power. He does not enjoy the popularity of these three at the precise period I have named; but is it not more glorious to do great things and establish a secure power without popularity than with its aid? Even what you allude to, his want of support from his colleagues in the House of Commons, though it does not exhibit so much strength in the government as might be desired, displays his ascendancy in the strongest manner, especially the remarkable falling to leeward (you will excuse metaphors from the coast) of Lord Stanley. Graham, I have heard, has betrayed some want of nerve during the little Chartist movements in London. Peel very cool. This I heard from one who saw them both. On the whole, these Chartists have made less of their game than I expected.

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Ryde, Sept. 9, 1842.

I do not yet like the stubbornness of the Manchester weavers. Is it not to be feared that, finding they cannot gain their object by peaceable secession to the Mons Sacer, they may listen more to Manlius Duncombe and Gracchus O'Connor another time? They must do that, or give up their object; the *lutte* is not yet over.

Clifton, Bristol, Sept. 12, 1844.

. . . . . .

I entirely agree with you that in the particular case, being one of great public importance, and where, whatever O'Connell and his friends may assert, the objection was simply technical, and left their guilt on many counts unacknowledged, the lay Lords might very properly have voted with the great majority of the Judges. It is true that their decision might have been called political, but is the present free from that suspicion? The Constitutional precedent is important. I have never been favourable to the appellant jurisdiction of the Lords, and thought it received a great blow some years back, when appeals were heard by three Peers *in rotation*. This was pretty well abdicating their functions; but what is the present case? Is it not a declaration that they are never to vote at all? Thus the accidental preponderance of Law Lords is to determine every question, though the Law Lords may be still fewer than at present.

If an Appellant Tribunal is required, as on account of

Scotland and Ireland may be the case, I should wish to see it transferred elsewhere. Surely the Lords cannot wish to retain it, when it is practically no sort of honour.

As to the result, I have been disappointed, though I must own that I had no reason to be more sanguine. I fancied at first that the release of the prisoners on a merely legal point, not affecting the justice of the sentence, would not have produced that frantic exultation which we now see to be the case. It is a great blow to the friends of the Union, to the Courts of Justice, and to all possible governments.

What is now to be done? I think doubtful and difficult cases should be avoided; but I do not see that gross and almost treasonable libels, such as I read in the Irish papers, should be left unpunished; otherwise we must soon come to war, and I fear that the Repealers will rapidly increase.

Meantime, our friend Guizot has kept us out of an awkward business; for war with France in the critical state of Ireland would have been a most dangerous event. I suppose we have got all the reparation due to Mr. Pritchard; but in fact it is a curious thing that the French case against him has never, as far as I have seen, been specially developed. A war on this occasion would be worse than that for Captain Jenkins's ears.

I found Scotland still full of the Free Church, and my own friends much divided. Jeffrey is a Free Church man, Abercromby and Murray quite the reverse. It is a good deal analogous to our English ecclesiastical disputes, which happily have not ripened yet into opposition

to the law or separation from the Church. Chalmers and *οι περι ψαλμωδον* represent our ultra-High-Church Church of Oxford; and the resistance to them on the part of the lawyers and gentry is founded on a dread of their encroachments in private life, which may be chimerical, but does exist. The worst is that full one-half of the people are gone over to the anti-Erastian party, and their churches, now very numerous, are filled. How, then, can the Establishment be maintained?—for the Dissenters, called Seceders, were previously reckoned at one-third of the population. Surely we are not to have the anomaly of Ireland repeated? I can see no possible reason for an Establishment if it does not serve a good purpose for the majority of the people. A bare majority ought not to suffice to bring about a change, but an enormous disproportion is repugnant to common sense. I doubt whether there is one man on the continent of Europe who would not condemn the Irish Protestant Church as an abuse. But I am far from saying that the whale O'Connell would cease to follow the ship if this tub were thrown to him. It would probably do much more harm than good.

Wraxall Lodge, near Bristol,
August 1, 1845.

. . . . . .

The Session is now closing, but I hear with more than usual dissatisfaction on every side. The Reform Bill chiefly, with other circumstances, has given us a constitution that does not work well. The annual

complaint, that much is talked and little done, will recur more and more. The great cause is that nothing is thought too trifling to occupy the time of Parliament, and no Member too insignificant to bring it forward. The whole executive power is thus thrown into the House of Commons; not, indeed, *quâ* executive, but so far as deciding what ought to be done, or what has been done rightly. This, which in important matters is the necessary right of the Commons, has been stretched to an interference with all the routine of government, especially in personal questions, such as the appointment or dismissal of inferior officers. If we add to this the accumulation of private Bills, many of which, in my opinion, would far better be determined by some independent tribunal, we shall see how impossible it becomes to carry through Parliament half the important measures of legislation which are required, still more to deliberate upon them. I much incline to think that railways in particular might be discussed before some better tribunal than a Committee of the House: the evidence would be printed, and the Bill discussed in the House, quite as well as it is at present after the Report of a Committee. Such a Court would sit during the recess, and might have its circuits, to the saving of vast expense.

. . . . . .

Yours very truly,

H. HALLAM.

SUPERSTITIONS IN INDIA.

1845–6.

HERE follow a few short extracts from among the many taken at the India Board, where I was Joint Secretary from the summer of 1845 till the close of Sir Robert Peel's administration. They are intended to illustrate the strange superstitious and the revolting rites that unhappily lingered in some parts of India. Against some of the rites, and more especially those of the Khondes, the English Government took the most energetic measures in its power, but never, it is feared, with complete success. S.

The Khondes.

[Madras Revenue, P. C. No. 3559, Mr. Stark's note.]

"THE Khondes, a savage race dwelling in the extensive range of hills and jungles beyond Ganjam, are notorious for their *Meriahs*, or human sacrifices to their false gods. One of these abominable rites was solemnised in all their villages at the full moon, January 8th, 1841. 'There are at this day,' writes Lord Elphinstone, in a Minute of that date, 'probably not less than two hun-

dred and forty human beings immolated within the hills of Ganjam.'

"It had been supposed that the Khondes did not sacrifice any of their own tribe; but Major Campbell, Assistant Commissioner in Ganjam, ascertained that the only condition which is strictly observed is, that the victim or *Meriah* should be purchased; and he states that children are sometimes sold as *Meriahs* by their parents and other relations for so small a sum as three or four rupees—Khondes as well as *Panoos*, but the former more rarely."

Assistant-Surgeon J. Cadenhead to P. B. Smollett, Esq.

[Extract. Coll. P. C. 5000.]

March 17, 1845.

"I next proceeded to visit the sacrificing tracts of Athara and Bara Mootah. Everything was tranquil; nevertheless there was still an intense longing on the part of the great body of the people to return to ancient usages. Men's minds were far from easy. The general feeling was given expression to in council by the chiefs, who said: 'The country is happy, but the government has not yet permitted us to celebrate a sacrifice.'"

Sir H. Hardinge to Secretary of India Board (Lord Mahon).

[Extract of Private Letter.]

Calcutta, August 6, 1845.

"It would be most improper to attempt to punish these poor savages of the hills, the aborigines of the country, for crimes so revolting to humanity, perpetrated within 250 miles of the seat of government. The system must chiefly be one of persuasion as regards the Khondes: punishment would only induce them to perform these atrocities in secret, which in point of numbers are supposed to amount to 1500 human victims cruelly tortured every year.

"Punishment by death cannot meet the case of numerous tribes who do not fear death. For instance, a party of these savages were invited to Madras. They were hospitably treated, received presents, and when about to be sent home, a distance of 500 miles, begged as a favour to be killed, confident that they would be born again, and so reappear as infants in their own villages!"

The Niaides.

To the Governor of Fort St. George.

[Judicial.]

May 7, 1845.

"We highly approve of the measures adopted by Mr. Conolly, Collector of Malabar, for the purpose of ameliorating the wretched condition of the Niaides, an

abject race of people, consisting of not more than six hundred persons, and reputed to be the descendants of a Brahmin excommunicated many centuries ago. He states that they were regarded as outcasts even by the slaves, whom they were not allowed to approach within forty paces, and that their subsistence has been of the most precarious and disgusting kind."

The Tinnevelly District.

Report from Mr. E. B. Thomas, Collector, at Tinnevelly.

[*P. C.* 5212, *Coll.* 12.]

"In the centre of the large *Cusbah* of Streevygoontum exists an old mud fort, or rather wall, of about twenty feet high, surrounding some hundred and twenty houses, of a body of people calling themselves *Kotie Vellalers*,—that is, Fort Vellalers. Within this wall no police officer, warrant, or *Peon* ever enters.... The females are said to be kept in a state of great degradation and ignorance. They never pass without the walls alive: when dead they are carried out by night in sacks."

Petition of the Kotie Vellalers at Tinnevelly.

[*P. C.* 5212, *Coll.* 12.]

"As your petitioners' ancestors were the persons who crowned Pandiam Kings of the Pandiam kingdom from generation to generation, your petitioners alone are

the persons who crown annually in the Oothra Nutchuthra of the Pungoony month the God Anaravadadanadar, in the town of Tinnevelly; the same day in which the God delivers a sceptre to a person in authority. It is true that your poor petitioners are Hindoos, but our manners and customs are quite different from those of all other Hindoo castes. Even in our wedding days the bride is kept within a curtain, so that our near relations also might not see her; and still even the dead body of a woman should not be looked at by any man but her father, husband, and son; for when any woman dies, only the wives of the Kottamars, who are our slaves, go into the department of the woman, put the corpse into a bag, tying well its mouth, and then the female slaves take the bag out of the house, carry it to a bier which is prepared at a little distance by the male slaves, called Kottamars, where the female slaves put the bag into the bier, and the bier is taken out to the burying ground by four male slaves, which is followed by all of her relatives. But all persons except her father, husband, sons, and brothers, and the four bearers, should stop at a considerable distance from the burying ground; and then the funeral rites are performed by the said relations, and the body is burnt out by the four bearers."

The object of this petition, which extends to some length, is that no change should be permitted or enjoined in the customs it describes.

Deities of Evil.

Memorandum by G. D. Drury, Esq., Chief Secretary, District of Tinnevelly.

[*Coll. P. C.* 4806.]

"There were in many villages, chiefly inhabited by classes of lower caste, small edifices, both thatched and tiled, in which worship was offered to Deities of Evil, which were supposed to be Demons or Devils, and were the objects of terror to those people: the names of some of these Demons were 'Veeran,' 'Kurpen,' and 'Katarree' (female). They were worshipped in jungles, and the spot selected was usually under the shade of some spreading tree, most frequently the tamarind tree, from which was to be seen suspended a long iron chain, with a seat, as for a swing, attached to it; and beneath the tree were to be found spears of iron of different shapes, with human and animal figures in rude pottery. Annual ceremonies were performed in these places, in order to propitiate the Demon which presided."

Stupifying Sweetmeats. Madras.

Captain Vallancey to the Secretary of Fort St. George.

[*P. C.* 4993, *Coll.* 19.]

"Within the last few years, while carrying on a search for fugitive Thugs, I have become aware of the existence of a set of wretches who practise a system of

drugging travellers on the high-roads and in the principal towns, for the purpose of plundering them of their property. . . . . In Bengal such perpetrators are termed *Matywallahs*, as they administer the drug in a sweetmeat; but in this part of India it is administered in some liquid—generally milk. . . . . A short time after the dose has been administered stupefaction ensues, and the person who has partaken of it becomes perfectly senseless, and will fall into a deep sleep. If, however, the dose administered should be large, delirium and raving takes place, which often ends in death. . . . . I believe it to be a fact that not one of this class of villains has ever been detected."

In consequence of this report, the Government of Fort St. George addressed a circular judicial letter, recommending that the heads of police should "caution all persons not to receive messes or sweetmeats from strangers."

Astrologers in Nepaul.

(*Journal of Major Lawrence.*)

Nepaul, July 7, 1845.

"On the 4th a vulture, having settled on the roof of the palace above where the Maharajah was seated, was shot. His Highness consulted the astrologers as to what the evil omen augured. They replied that he (the Maharajah) would within four months receive a severe hurt and die. They stated that the danger is only to be averted by alms and devotion: money has

accordingly been given to Brahmins and Fakirs, but great as is his Highness's superstition, it will hardly induce him to loosen his purse-strings. He has removed from that quarter of the palace where the vulture sat. Another alarm has been caused by the spirit of Matabar being supposed to have entered the room in which he was murdered, and made a great noise, on the night of the 5th instant. The Maharajah accordingly ordered *Poojah* to be performed in the room, and then desired that it should be closed for ever."

October 2, 1845.

"The Maharajah has ordered all the Pundits to examine their books, and to inform him whether the British will be victorious against the Punjaub."

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON TO SIR ROBERT PEEL.

1846.

Prince Louis Napoleon to Sir Robert Peel.

MONSIEUR,

Je considère comme un devoir de vous informer de mon évasion du fort de Ham, et de mon arrivée sur le sol hospitalier de l'Angleterre.

J'ai supporté six ans de captivité sans me plaindre, parceque je voulais prouver par ma résignation que je méritais un meilleur sort: mais mon père infirme et malade ayant désiré me revoir encore sur cette terre je demandai au Gouvernement Français la permission de me rendre à Florence, l'assurant de mes intentions pacifiques et lui offrant toutes les garanties que l'honneur me permettait de donner. Le Gouvernement a été inexorable. Je suis parti.

Aujourd'hui que je suis libre je viens vous donner, Monsieur, l'assurance formelle que si j'ai quitté ma prison ce n'est point pour m'occuper de politique, ni peur tenter de troubler la paix dont jouit l'Europe; mais uniquement pour remplir un devoir sacré. J'espère que vous compatirez à mes souffrances, car votre cœur doit être aussi accessible au malheur que votre esprit l'est aux grandes choses.

Je vous prie Monsieur de recevoir l'assurance de mes sentiments de haute estime.

NAPOLÉON LOUIS BONAPARTE.

LONDRES, *le* 27 *mai*, 1846.

Je demeure sous le nom du Comte d'Aremberg, à Brunswick Hotel, Jermyn Street.

Note.

It was desired at one time by Mr. Cardwell and myself to insert this letter in a volume of Sir Robert Peel's biography or correspondence. Permission being asked of the Emperor accordingly, his Majesty replied as follows.

S.

L'Empereur Napoléon III. au Comte Stanhope.

Palais des Tuileries,
le 20 mars, 1857.

MY LORD,

J'ai reçu votre lettre et je consens très-volontiers à ce que le document dont vous me parlez paraisse dans les Mémoires de Sir Robert Peel. A ce nom illustre en effet se rattache pour moi le souvenir de l'hospitalité Anglaise et ce souvenir me sera toujours précieux.

Je vous remercie donc, my Lord, d'avoir eu la pensée de me demander un consentement que j'accorde avec plaisir, et je vous renouvelle l'assurance de mes sentiments distingués.

NAPOLÉON.

INSCRIPTION,

BY LORD MACAULAY.

1847.

THE active mind of Lord Macaulay, which applied itself, and with good fruit, to so many subjects, once considered how some stately ecclesiastical structure might have been raised in grateful commemoration of our glorious Peace in 1814. What in such a case might have been a suitable inscription? Here is the one that Lord Macaulay composed and gave to me (May 8, 1847).

LIBERATIS HISPANIS
DEBELLATIS GALLIS
PACATO TOTO TERRARUM ORBE
REBUS DOMI MILITIÆQUE
FELICITER GESTIS
HOC TEMPLUM
DEO OPTIMO MAXIMO
DICAVERUNT
REX SENATUSQUE BRITANNIARUM.

P. M. A. C. F.

1849.

Lord Mahon to the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay.

My dear Macaulay, Brighton, Jan. 3, 1849.

At page 440 of your first volume you give an account of a curious broadside from "evidently a zealous Roman Catholic," containing an account of the death of Charles the Second, and you add: "The initials are perfectly intelligible except in one place. It is said that the D. of Y. was reminded of the duty which he owed to his brother by P. M. A. C. F. I must own myself quite unable to decipher the last five letters."

In attempting to play the part of Œdipus on this occasion, I beg to assure you that I make no pretensions to that character in general. I have very often found myself at fault on such subjects, and have puzzled long and fruitlessly while others have pounced on the meaning at once; and I think that success in such things is apt to depend much less on skill or experience than on accident and first impression. But now to the point.

On considering the deathbed scene of Charles the Second, we must, I think, bear in mind that his reconciliation with the Roman Church was claimed as a great honour and triumph by the Roman Catholics, and that

they were by no means willing to admit so tainted a source as the Duchess of Portsmouth for the first instigation to it. In fact, her suggestion upon the subject, by means of Barillon, appears to have been only simultaneous with another suggestion to the same effect from Catherine of Braganza. "The Duke of York," says Miss Strickland, "was urged from two very opposite quarters, the Queen and the Duchess of Portsmouth, to obtain for the King the last offices prescribed by the Church of Rome." It was natural that of these two sources the Roman Catholics in all their narratives should prefer the Queen's; it was natural also that, as was probably the truth, they should ascribe the merit of the original impulse, not to the unlettered though zealous lady, but rather to one of her Roman Catholic advisers or chaplains.

With this clue, therefore, if we look to a list of these chaplains, as given by Chamberlayne in 1679, we shall find that Her Majesty had in her suite two Portuguese almoners or chaplains, and that the name of one was Father Manoel Pereyra.

I conceive, then, that the initials in question, if filled up, might probably stand as follows: Pereyra (Manoel) A Capuchin Friar.

Ever yours truly,

MAHON.

Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay to Lord Mahon.

My dear Mahon, Albany, London, Jan. 4, 1849.

P. M. A. C. F. has set as many people to work as the authorship of Junius. I am delighted to think that I have been the humble instrument of calling forth so much industry and ingenuity. Among the conjectures which have been communicated to me, one comes from a noble person whom I had never in my life seen or heard of—Lord Sidney Osborne. I can without flattery assure you that yours is the best guess that, as far as I know, has yet been made. Nevertheless, I am not satisfied. It appears from the Chaillot MS. that the Queen applied to the Duchess about the King's spiritual state, and that the Duchess applied to the Duke. Why should the Duchess, who undoubtedly was, during part of that day, in the same room with her husband, employ a messenger? If she employed a messenger, why should she select one of the Queen's servants rather than one of her own? Observe, too, that none of the Queen's priests knew any language in which it was possible to communicate with Charles. That was the reason which made it necessary to call in Huddlestone. Now, if Manuel Pereira, or, as you are forced to call him, Pereira Manuel, could not make himself understood by Charles, he would hardly, I think, have been selected to carry a message to James, who does not appear to have been a better linguist than his brother.

I will give you my own explanation, in order that

you may take your revenge upon it. It seems clear to me that the writer of the broadside meant the letters P. M. A. C. F. to be understood by somebody, or he would not have used them. It seems to me equally clear that he did not mean them to be understood by everybody, or he would have used clearer signs, such as *her M. the Q.*, or *her R. H. the D.* How, then, do men act when they insert, in a paper likely to be seen by all sorts of persons, some things meant to be understood only by a few? They use a cipher. Is it not highly probable that there was in that age a Roman Catholic cipher? It was the age of ciphers. The Scotch Whigs had one. The agents of the Prince of Orange had one. Coleman used one in his letters to his fellow Papists. I think it therefore very likely that there may have been a cipher known to every Jesuit and Franciscan in the kingdom, and that in this cipher every person of great note in the State may have been designated by some letter or combination of letters. If once this supposition be admitted, all difficulty is at an end. We may find ten solutions in a minute, for the notation may have been purely arbitrary. P. M. may have meant the Queen, and A. C. F. the Duchess, or *vice versâ*.

I think with you that the agency of the mistress would not have been mentioned in a paper written by a Roman Catholic for the edification of his brethren.

Ever yours truly,

T. B. Macaulay.

Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay to Lord Mahon.

[Extract.]

Albany, Feb. 2, 1849.

"I really think that out of your guess, and out of a piece of information which I received the other day from Cambridge, I have made a correct explanation of P. M. A. C. F. I will tell you when we meet. I do not claim more than a third part of the discovery, indeed hardly so much."

Note.

Meeting Mr. Macaulay in the Trustees' Room of the British Museum, February 10, 1849, he told me, that having ascertained at Cambridge the fact of another edition of the broadside, with the A a small letter, he now concludes the true sense of the two first letters to be the following:

"Père Mansuete."

He was a Franciscan from Lorraine, and Confessor of the Duke of York.

In one of the later notes to his History—this one bearing date 1856[1]—Mr., then Lord, Macaulay speaks as follows:

"I still greatly doubt whether the riddle has been

[1] Vol. i. p. 343 of his Collected Works, ed. 1866.

solved; but the most plausible interpretation is one which, with some variations, occurred almost at the same time to myself and to several other persons. I am inclined to read, 'Père Mansuete, A Cordelier Friar.' Mansuete, a Cordelier, was then James's confessor."

PRINCE METTERNICH ON GERMAN AFFAIRS.

1850–1.

Le Prince de Metternich au Vicomte de Mahon.

MON CHER LORD, Bruxelles, ce 31 décembre, 1850.

J'ai reçu votre lettre du 30 octobre, et si je n'y ai point répondu plutôt, veuillez ne pas en chercher la cause dans un manque d'amitié, ni dans la paresse. Regardez moi comme impeccable sous l'un et l'autre de ces rapports, et dites vous que votre lettre m'a causée une vive satisfaction comme gage du souvenir que vous voulez bien me vouer. J'eusse été heureux de passer avec vous l'hiver à Brighton; de m'instruire dans vos entretiens, et de vous prêter peut-être des lumières sur des faits et des situations à l'égard desquels vous vous regardez comme privé de ces aides que savent seul apprécier les esprits bien tournés et les droites consciences. Or c'est à cette disposition de ma part que je vous prie d'attribuer le retard que j'ai mis à vous écrire. Je ne sais point parler au milieu du bruit qui se resout en une confusion des langues suite de celle dans les idées.

Vous avez touché dans votre lettre du 30 octobre aux situations Allemandes, et en particulier à celle dans

laquelle se trouve placée la Hesse Electorale. Vous rendre un compte détaillé de mes impressions à l'égard de ce qui, en toute réalité et dans son expression la plus simple, est du *gâchis*, ce serait me livrer à un travail de longue haleine. Arrêtez vous à quelques bases, sur lesquelles vous pouvez avec une pleine confiance reposer votre esprit investigateur; ces bases ce sont les suivantes.

I.—*Situations Allemandes.*

L'empire Germanique s'est dissout en 1806. Quand en 1813 l'Empereur François a regardé le moment comme venu de mettre la puissance Autrichienne dans l'action qui seule a pu répondre à la conscience de l'Empereur (et je me permets d'ajouter à l'expression de la mienne), dans celle qui serait dirigée vers le but de rétablissement en Europe d'un état de paix, reposant sur une base à la fois principielle et pratique, l'Autriche a échangé l'attitude de la neutralité armée entre les Puissances, alors belligérantes, en celle d'une médiation armée. Le Cabinet Impérial a dès-lors dû se rendre compte de ce qu'il y aurait à faire de ce grand espace, qui sous le régime d'un Empire se fut trouvé placé au centre du Continent Européen, et lequel, après la dissolution de cet Empire, s'était trouvé partagé en quatre lots; à savoir, entre les parties Allemandes placées sous la domination Autrichienne; celles comprises dans la monarchie Prussienne; celles formant la Confédération Rhénane sous la protection de l'Empereur des Français; enfin celles incorporées comme départements dans l'Empire Français.

Nous dûmes nous placer en face des deux questions suivantes :

Un corps politique *Allemand* doit il être rappelé à la vie ?

Dans le cas de l'affirmative, quelle devra être le mode de la reconstruction de ce corps ?

La réplique à la première de ces questions n'a point pu être douteuse. Les pays placés en 1813 sous le sceptre de Napoléon ont dû être traités par les Alliés comme de la matière à conquérir ou être conservés et comptés dans les rangs de la grande alliance. La politique de la Cour de Vienne n'ayant point été entachée de velléités de spoliation et de vues de conquête, cette politique ayant été tournée uniquement vers le but d'assurer au propre Empire et à l'Europe le retour à un état de paix durable, l'Empereur accorda au rappel à la vie "*d'une Allemagne*" la valeur d'une condition *sine quâ non* de son entrée dans la Quadruple Alliance.

Deux modes pour la reconstruction de l'Allemagne ont seuls pu se présenter : le retour à l'Empire, ou celle d'une fédération entre Etats Souverains.

Ce n'est pas à vous que je croirais avoir à détailler les causes majeures que s'opposèrent à la reconstruction de l'Empire Germanique. Nous nous arrêtames à la forme fédérale, et ce fut en effet cette forme qui est ressortie pour le corps Germanique du Congrès de Vienne.

Deux éléments se sont montrés à nud et également opposés à la constitution fédérale dans le cours des deux dernières années—l'élément révolutionnaire et celui de la politique Prussienne. Opposés dans leur objet, ces éléments ont dû se rencontrer, se venir en aide, et se

heurter dans leur marche. Pour ne point vous exposer à une méprise, arrêtez vous au fait que la question est, dans les conditions morales et matérielles dont elle est composée, la même aujourd'hui qu'en 1813, et que la différence qu'offrent les deux époques se réduit à celle qui existe entre la création d'un corps politique et sa conservation. A l'une comme à l'autre de ces tâches est uniformément applicable l'axiome, "que qui veut une chose, doit en vouloir les moyens." Ce n'est pas de la chose—de la conservation de la fédération Germanique —mais des moyens dirigés par ce but, que s'occupent dans ce moment les gouvernements Allemands. Il faut les laisser faire, et espérer que l'expérience du passé leur marquera la route qu'ils auront à suivre dans leur propre intérêt comme dans celui du corps social tout entier.

II.—*Affaire de Hesse Cassel.*

Cette affaire a deux faces—celle morale et celle strictement légale. Les plus mauvaises positions sont celles dans lesquelles ces éléments se trouvent placés en contradiction dans leur application, et tel est le cas dans le conflit entre l'Electeur et son pays.

Le dit Electeur s'est laissé arracher, lors du mouvement révolutionnaire que la chute du trône Français a grandement imprimée aux États du 3e ordre en Allemagne en 1830, une constitution privée des premières bases de la vitalité. Cette constitution ayant été portée à la sanction du corps fédéral a été repoussée par ce corps. C'est dans le cours des deux dernières années qu'elle a prouvé ses défauts.

Je ne puis entrer ici dans l'analyse d'une œuvre dont le premier vice est celui de rendre le gouvernement impossible, et je me bornerai à vous citer deux faits, que je vous prie d'évaluer sur l'échelle des principes constitutionnels en application dans votre grand pays.

Le Parlement Hessois ne connaît qu'une chambre. La mode de l'élection à cette Chambre a été changée en 1848 en celui du suffrage universel.

Une commission de quelques membres siège dans l'intervalle des Sessions Parlementaires, plus ou moins douée de la plénitude des facultés de l'assemblée générale.

Le vote universel a fait entrer dans le Parlement un nombre de *Rouges* équivalent aux $\frac{7}{8}$ des députés composant le *Plenum* de l'Assemblée. Le chef de la commission permanente est un nommé Bayhofer, ancien Professeur de Marburg, qui, il y a plusieurs années, a été condamné par les tribunaux pour cause d'Athéisme et de Communisme. Supposez qu'une commission de Chartistes sous la présidence d'O'Connor fonctionnât en Angleterre dans l'intervalle des Sessions Parlementaires, et que cette commission fut en possession des facultés les plus essentielles des deux Chambres; ajoutez à ce fait celui qu'à côté de Ministres de la Couronne responsables les employés dans les Ministères et dans toutes les branches de l'administration publique fussent inamovibles à moins d'une procédure juridique. Joignez à un ordre de choses pareil le serment à la constitution à prêter par la force armée, avec la faculté d'interpréter au gré des individus la validité

des ordres de ses supérieurs, et vous aurez sans doute une Grande Bretagne qui sera, tout court, arrêtée dans sa marche. Ce qu'offre le tableau fort raccourci *des impossibilités* Hessoises compose la situation dans laquelle se trouve placé l'Electorat, le Prince, le Parlement, et le pays tout entier. Que cette situation est à la tête de celles insoutenables n'a point besoin d'être dit. La Hesse doit ou périr, ou sortir de la situation *légale* mais *insensée* dans laquelle le manque de savoir se conduire des gouverneurs et des gouvernés a placé ce petit Etat. Le cas appartient à ceux où la légalité se trouve faussée, et où dès-lors elle doit être rectifiée.

Vous voyez, mon cher Mahon, que je n'entends point soutenir la marche que suivent les choses à Cassel dans une autre direction que dans celle de la nécessité.

Une faute qui est commune à l'esprit Anglais c'est celle d'appliquer aux idées constitutionnelles dans l'étranger l'étalon de la constitution Anglaise. La mesure sera trop longue ou trop courte, et elle ne va dès lors pas à des corps politiques placés sous les conditions essentiellement différentes de celles sous lesquelles l'Angleterre a la bonne fortune de se trouver placée. Rien dans ce monde ne se ressemble parfaitement, et il en va des constitutions comme des chapeaux; ni les unes ni les autres ne vont à toutes les têtes. Ne mesurez pas les légalités Hessoises sur l'échelle de celles Anglaises, et ne confondez pas des situations tout à fait différentes. Le *peccatur intra et extra muros* est pleinement applicable à la position dans laquelle se trouve placé ce pays. Un fait curieux qui prédomine dans la situation c'est

celui d'une bureaucratie irresponsable, qui s'est constituée Prince, Parlement, et Pays. Les affaires de la Hesse et du Holstein sont les points sur lesquels les partis révolutionnaires en Allemagne ont entendu appuyer leurs léviers pour arriver à l'unité de l'Allemagne dans la forme d'une République, avec un pouvoir exécutif investi du titre Impérial, au lieu de celui plus modeste de Président.

Voilà une bien longue lettre, à laquelle je suis forcé de couper court, faute de vouloir écrire un livre. Je vous respecte trop pour admettre que pour ne pas errer dans vos impressions vous ayez besoin de plus que de simples indications, et je me permets de me flatter que vous accordez de la confiance à celles sous lesquelles je vis moi-même. Au nombre de mes impressions se trouve celle que d'ici à quelques mois bien des situations prêteront à plus de calculs qu'il ne serait juste de leur vouer aujourd'hui.

Veuillez offrir mes bien sincères hommages à Lady Mahon, et être assuré que je vous voue une bien sincère affection.

Ever yours,

METTERNICH.

Le Prince de Metternich au Vicomte de Mahon.

MON CHER MAHON, . Bruxelles, ce 13 janvier, 1851.

J'ai l'honneur et la satisfaction de vous annoncer la réception de votre lettre du 9 janvier. Le second de ces sentiments porte sur l'impression que ces

aperçus fort sommaires que je vous ai donné sur le conflit Hessois peuvent vous avoir été utiles à connaître. Entre hommes de bonne foi, la vérité ne perd jamais son droit.

Je vous envoie ci-joint le coupon d'une feuille publique, qui jette du jour sur une position des choses qui peut à juste titre compter parmi les plus abnormes. Ce que renferme ce coupon est vrai, et m'engage à vous dire ce que vous allez lire.

Les mots jouent dans tous les temps un rôle marquant dans les situations sociales. Celui qui dans ce moment a la valeur d'un *Shibboleth* c'est celui de *Constitutionalisme.* C'est celui qui en Allemagne surtout est inscrit sur le drapeau des réformateurs de la société *quand même,* et il a le mérite à leurs yeux de niveler les constitutions et de les subordonner comme les membres d'une famille à l'intérêt de la famille toute entière; à un intérêt interprété d'après celui des faiseurs, soit dans une latitude absolue, soit dans un cercle restreint. La *Constitutionalisme* est interprété dans le conflit Hessois en faveur de la caste des employés dans le service public. Le "*Beamtenthum*" est une maladie Allemande, que ne désigne pas suffisamment le mot "Bureaucratie:" je ne sais pas le traduire dans une langue étrangère quelconque. L'immobilité des personnes forme la base du système. L'individu une fois nanti d'une place, ne peut point, d'après ce système, être dérangé que par un avancement ou par une mise en disponibilité. Le renvoi du service n'est admis que par suite d'une procédure juridique, et le prononcé d'un verdict judiciaire.

Appliquez ce régime à la conduite des affaires publiques sous une forme gouvernementale quelleconque, et vous ne tarderez pas d'y trouver un point d'arrêt pour la vie même de l'Etat.

Vous étiez en droit de me demander comment une position aussi évidemment absurde a pu entrer en pratique dans quelques parties de l'Allemagne. Voici la réponse.

Sous l'Empire, l'Allemagne était divisée en une foule de petits Etats jouissant de la suprématie territoriale (*Landes hoheit*), sous la Souveraineté Impériale. Trouver des individus aptes à gouverner ces petits corps politiques et rélativement indépendants n'était pas chose facile. Sous le grand règne de l'Empereur Maximilien I., une Cour Suprème de Justice fut appelée à la vie et établie à Wetzlar; les employés dans les Etats particuliers furent placés sous la sauvegarde de cette Cour. Cet ordre des choses a réagi en bien dans la double direction des Princes et des serviteurs, en facilitant aux premiers l'appel d'hommes capables, et en assurant à ceux-ci leur existence.

Le Tribunal de Wetzlar disparut avec l'Empereur et l'Empire. La Souveraineté passa aux Princes qui survécurent en qualité de membres de la fédération Rhénane à la médiatisation de leurs anciens co-Etats. La souveraineté fut interprétée par les Princes sous l'égide de l'Empereur des Français en absolutisme; dans plusieurs Etats confédérés la pragmatique en faveur des serviteurs de l'Etat fut maintenue. Elle l'a également été sous l'introduction du système représentatif dans un même pays. Par suite de l'influence que la

chute du trône des Bourbons en 1830 a exercée sur l'Allemagne, et qui s'est sentie d'une manière toute particulière dans l'Electorat de Hesse, pays sans aucun doute mal gouverné, ce pays reçut une constitution digne de servir de prototype au *gouvernement impossible.*

Appliquez à la législation les deux principes de la responsabilité des conseillers de la Couronne et de l'inamovibilité des instruments à leur disposition, et vous arriverez sans faute à la mort de l'Etat placé sous un régime pareil.

La situation de l'Allemagne offre un bien curieux spectacle. Il porte surtout ce caractère pour moi personnellement. Il me paraît en effet que les preuves s'accumulent que ce qui a été qualifié de "système," auquel a été accolé mon nom patronymique, renferme les seules conditions sous lesquelles un corps politique "*Allemand*" puisse tenir une place en Europe. Ce qui dans cette vaste étendue d'Etats porte aujourd'hui le caractère d'une réaction n'est que la recherche des conditions vitales du corps politique Germanique. Vos remarques sur la diversité des parties qui composent ce corps sont fort justes: la chose est-elle évitable? Je ne le crois pas. Il en est des embarras politiques comme des défauts physiques: il y en a de solubles, et d'autres d'irrémédiables. Je n'ai jamais rencontré un bossu qui ne voudrait point avoir l'épine dorsale d'une pleine droiture, et je n'ai jamais vu réalisé un aussi juste vœu. La question n'est point placée pour les ayant cause dans la direction de la vie *sans*, mais dans celle *avec* une bosse!

Si j'avais le bonheur de me trouver avec vous à

Brighton, je serais heureux du fait. Je ne pourrais pas d'un autre côté vous dire autre chose que ce que la distance qui nous sépare me force à coucher sur le papier d'une manière plus ou moins confuse. L'adage *Sapienti pauca* me donne le courage nécessaire pour me retrancher dans de courtes explications. Je suis charmé de la justice que vous rendez à la marche politique du Cabinet Autrichien. Cette marche est conforme à la nature de ce grand corps politique, qui n'a rien à chercher au dehors et au dedans de ses frontières que l'ordre public; et qui dit ordre, dit justice et sagesse.

Veuillez recevoir vous-même, mon cher Mahon, et offrir de ma part et des miens, l'hommage de notre souvenir le plus affectueux.

METTERNICH.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF ARABIC PHILOSOPHY IN MEDIÆVAL EUROPE.

A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, February 2, 1866.

Few things in history are more striking than the encounter, in divers parts of Western Europe, between the rising tide of Mahometan invasion and the settled races of Christendom. In Sicily the Saracens achieved a short-lived conquest, one curious token of which may still be traced in the modern name given to Etna of Mongibello, a name made up of the Latin *Mons* and the Arabic *Ghebel;* both words meaning the same, and conjoined together by the mingled races of the time. At the mouth of the Tiber the victory of Pope Leo the Fourth over the Moslem marching on to Rome, even if it failed to be recorded by the Muse of History, would be rescued from oblivion by the Genius of Art, since it forms the subject of one of Raphael's glorious frescoes in the Vatican. More to the northward the Arab conquerors of Spain, advancing into France, had passed the Garonne and well-nigh reached the Loire, when their progress was arrested and hurled back by Charles Martel. Then, after centuries, came the Crusades;

then, after centuries more, the final expulsion of the Moslem from Granada, their last stronghold in Western Europe. All this course of history is more or less familiar to my present hearers. But perhaps they may never have had occasion to observe the remarkable fact, not noticed, indeed, in many histories, that the race which showed itself the inferior in warlike prowess, gained the upper hand in some main points of intellectual influence. While the Moslem had, for the most part, to yield to the Christians on the fields of battle, they acquired an ascendant in the schools of philosophy.

This intellectual or literary influence—a strange portent, surely, in an age of utter intolerance, when it was unusual to allow merit of any kind in a misbeliever, —may be mainly ascribed to two men of high renown, Avicenna and Averroes. Avicenna—whom, if we strove to be quite exact, we should call Aben Sina—flourished in Central Asia, and died in the year of Christ 1037. Averroes—or, more precisely, Aben Roshd—was born at Cordova, and died, according to the best authorities, in the year of our Lord 1198. Both are combined by Dante in two lines of his *Inferno*, where he enumerates the principal pagan worthies. I will give you Dante's lines as Mr. Cary renders them:—

> "Orpheus I marked, . . .
> Galenus, Avicen, and him who made
> That commentary vast, Averroes."[1]

[1] "Averrocs, che il gran comento feo."

In like manner are they combined by Chaucer in his prologue to the Canterbury Tales. Much may be ascribed to the genius of these two men. Yet in the Middle Ages, when books were few and critics fewer still, we may suspect that the two names were sometimes used in a collective or representative sense. We may think, perhaps, that all the lore of Central Asia was taken as summed up in Avicenna, as in Averroes all the lore of Mahometan Spain.

The works of Avicenna, as is believed, were brought to Europe at the time of the Crusades in the form of a Latin translation, with which alone I have now to deal. This Latin version was put into type very soon after the discovery of printing, and there were several editions in the course of the sixteenth century, above all at Padua and Venice. Most of his treatises relate to his profession of medicine. But there are also some of a more general nature, and bearing on the great questions of philosophy.

The principal work of Avicenna is a so called canon, in five books, on the art of healing. During several centuries, this canon may be said to have reigned supreme in all the Christian schools of medicine. M. Jourdain, writing in the *Biographie Universelle*, about the year 1811, observes that scarce a century back —in the last years, therefore, of Louis the Fourteenth.— the canon of Avicenna was still the text-book in both the Universities of Montpellier and Louvain. At present, it might be difficult to name any book which is more entirely unread, or has fallen into more complete neglect. One of the last writers who seems to have paid

it attention is Dr. Friend, the famous physician in the time of George the First; and he speaks of it in by no means favourable terms. "In general," says Dr. Friend, "Avicenna seems to be fond of multiplying the signs of distempers without any reason. He often, indeed, sets down some for essential symptoms which arise merely by accident, and have no immediate connection with the primary disease."

Of the numerous remedies which the works of Avicenna recommend, many seem in a high degree fanciful; yet some, perhaps—though we are unconscious that they rest on his authority—have survived to the present time. Thus when corals are still placed in the mouths of infant children, in preference to ivory or any other hard substance, we may probably derive that practice from the words of Avicenna, where he declares that there is an occult or mysterious virtue in coral which makes it the highest of all remedies for the comfort of the gums. As is said in the quaint and semi-barbarous Latin of his translated works, "Summus est corallus in confortatione gingivæ."[1] In other passages we find him share the common belief of his age as to the planetary influences. "If," he says, "those stars which are called unpropitious are in the ascendant, they bode decay to animated beings; but if those which are called propitious, then the signification is health."[2] In like manner he considers the efficacy of remedies as dependent on the wane or the increase of the moon.

Another authority on the healing art, held in high

[1] Op., Canon Medicinæ, vol. i. p. 287. Ed. 1608. [2] Op., vol. ii. p. 379.

estimation all through the Middle Ages, was the School of Medicine at Salerno. That school was, as Gibbon expresses it, "the legitimate offspring of the Saracens." It was trained by Arabic professors; it was taught from Arabic books. Towards the year of Christ 1100, a curious little volume was compiled by John of Milan, one of the physicians of this school, and was dedicated to the King of England, but to which is not quite clear: "Anglorum Regi scribit Schola tota Salerni." This volume embodies some of the most approved maxims for health in Latin verses of the kind called Leonine, that is, rhyme according to the favourite fashion of the Middle Ages. Thus put into a popular form, these maxims appear to have enjoyed a high popularity until a recent period. They were annotated with great care by Arnald de Villanova. And to the edition of 1649 is prefixed an elaborate preface by Zacharias Sylvius, a physician of Rotterdam. The second chapter of his preface opens as follows: "There is scarce any physician in Holland but has frequently in his mouth the verses of the Salerno school, or who fails to quote them on every occasion." This, you see, is little more than two centuries ago.

Indeed, as I imagine, no doubt at all can exist that all through the Middle Ages the Arabic school of medicine was greatly superior to the Latin. There is a very able essay upon these points which appeared in the National Review, at New York, in the month of July last.[1] I do not know the author's name, but I

[1] *National Quarterly Review.* New York, July, 1865.

would recommend his essay to any one who might desire further information on this curious subject. He enumerates many of those barbarous modes of medical treatment which prevailed in Christendom through great part of the Middle Ages. I need mention only two—the *hoplochrysma*, as it was learnedly called, or anointing the instrument which inflicted a wound in the hopes of healing the wound itself; and the supposed cure of scrofulous diseases by the touch of Royalty—a practice which, you may remember, was continued in England even down to the reign of Queen Anne.

The superior skill of the Arabic physicians seems indeed to have been admitted all through the dark period of the Middle Ages. It was mainly at the revival of letters that another appreciation arose. Thus we find Petrarch declare vehemently against the whole Arabic system, both in philosophy and medicine. But his main motive, I think, was national prejudice. In a Latin letter addressed to his friend Giovanni Dondi, he says that he shall not be easily persuaded that any good thing can come out of Arabia. And in another part of his writings, Petrarch goes so far that he says he will not consent to be cured by any medicines if they bear an Arabic name.

I may add that in the darker ages the Saracen professors of medicine may, I think, be traced, not merely along the limits, but in the very heart of Christian Europe. Thus there was published in France fourteen years ago, a very curious record of the visitations of Eude Rigaud, Archbishop of Rouen, commencing in 1248; and I have found in this the mention of a

Moorish physician on the banks of the Seine, and in a company of Norman monks; *Magister Maurus physicus.* It may be observed on the other hand that the skill of the Arabic physicians never extended to Arabia properly so called. Nothing, at least, can be more unfavourable than the account of the healing art, past and present, in that country, recently given by Mr. Palgrave, in his most agreeable and ably written volumes of travel.

Reverting to Avicenna, not in his character of a physician, but of a philosopher, we shall find that he is disposed to distinguish between a higher and a lower spirit or intelligence in man, that is, as I apprehend it, between the life and the soul. He considers the vital spirit not so much as one, but rather as the aggregate of the different vital powers, taking after Galen the brain as the seat of thought, the heart as the seat of courage and other emotions, and the liver as the seat of the animal exertions or powers. In general, Avicenna seems only too ready to assign causes, sometimes with little discretion, for the various phenomena of created beings. But in some passages he shows a deeper humility and a truer wisdom. "This," he says, of one mysterious process, "is among the secrets known to God alone. All glory then be to God, who is the King of all, the source of truth and praise, the aim of our benediction, and the first of all things that have being."[1] Surely such words as these ought to have exempted Avicenna from the vague charges

[1] *Op.*, vol. i. p. 924.

of impiety and atheism which some writers of the Middle Ages, as William of Auvergne, are, I see, quoted as having with much presumption brought against him.

The views of Avicenna on our spiritual nature are, however, best deduced from an essay, to which even in the Latin version there is given the title of *Almahad.* It is a book of some rarity. I endeavoured in vain to obtain a copy in London, but it may be read, as I have read it, in the library of the British Museum. *Almahad,* then, is the condition or the place to which the soul of man will take its flight after his decease. The supreme happiness to which the soul aspires has here, he says, for obstacle the body. Therefore, in another life, its felicity will be in its separation and enfranchisement from its earthly trammels. Its reward would lie in the nearer contemplation of the Almighty, and of those sublime essences which adore him. On the other hand, its punishment would lie in its exile and its distance from these. Some souls, however, which though perfect in speculation were not perfect in deeds, will be consigned to an intermediate sphere—the *Berzach* or purgatory—a mean between felicity and suffering. Thus it will be seen that the religious aspirations of Avicenna, although a Mahometan in creed, have none of that material grossness which is commonly ascribed to the Paradise of Mahomet. On the contrary, adopting as they do the doctrine of a purgatory, they appear in close accordance with the teaching of Catholic theologians in that age.

Before I pass from Avicenna, I may mention another

instance which has but lately come to light, of the favour which he found in the West. The present Dean of St. Paul's has printed for the Philo-biblon Society a catalogue of the books of Richard de Gravesend, Bishop of London. It bears date the year of our Lord 1303, and "this I apprehend," adds the Dean, "is the earliest priced catalogue known." Now, one of the entries in it is *Liber Avicennæ*, priced at 5*l.*, which, according to the Dean's calculation, is equivalent to about 150*l.* of our present money. A strong proof of the estimation in which Avicenna was held at that period among the prelates of another creed.

I come now to Averroes. The writings of that philosopher are far more voluminous than those of Avicenna; they had also an influence far more extensive and deep rooted. Like those of his predecessor, they were known to Christian Europe only through the medium of a Latin translation. Of late years, however, the original sources also appear to have been carefully explored. Special notice is due to the learned and able work of M. Ernest Renan, which in its revised and completed form appeared in 1861. It is free, so far as I can trace, from any such unhappy prepossession as on some other and incomparably more important subjects may justly detract so much from the weight belonging to the author; and it gives both the life and the doctrines of Averroes far more fully than within the limits of this lecture I could hope or attempt to do.

In philosophy, Averroes professed himself a follower of Aristotle, whose works—having them before him in an Arabic version of older date—he made the subject

of a long and laborious commentary. I have said that he professed himself a follower of Aristotle—had I said a worshipper it would scarcely be too strong a term. Nothing can well exceed his adoration of his idol. "The doctrine of Aristotle," he says, "is the sovereign truth. The researches of Aristotle mark the limits of the human understanding, and there can be no dissent from anything that he has stated: the only doubt would be as to the right interpretation of his words, or as to the logical consequence to be deduced from them."[1]

But in noting this homage to the Stagyrite, we should bear in mind, that the other wise men of the East in the Middle Ages were nearly agreed on this point with Averroes. All of them were disposed to acknowledge Aristotle as their chief and master. How wonderful, I may say in passing, is this proof of the supremacy of the old Greek race, as shown in the instance of two men who stood to each other in the relation of pupil and preceptor. The pupil, Alexander the Great, by dint of military genius, subjugates Asia! The preceptor, Aristotle, after the lapse of centuries, and solely by the force of intellect, holds Asia in thrall again!

In considering, however, the relation of the Arabic philosophers to those of ancient Greece, there are at the outset two remarks that present themselves. It is certain that in some places Averroes ascribes to Aristotle doctrines which Aristotle never held. Divers

[1] See these passages in Renan, p. 55.

writers—as Bayle in his Dictionary draws them out in array—suppose that these errors of Averroes may have arisen from the faulty Arabic version that lay before him. But as it seems to me there is another conjecture at least equally probable. Some of the speculations of Averroes, as will presently be seen, were extremely bold. They greatly displeased the leading Muftis. They exposed him to no small amount of obloquy and persecution in his latter years. What more natural than that Averroes and his followers should endeavour to anticipate attacks like these, and bring forward their tenets with the great name of Aristotle as their shield?

In the second place it may be observed that the Arabic philosophers had studied the Greek literature only so far as regards the scientific branches of knowledge. Of all its other branches they were profoundly ignorant. They never seem to have read even a single line of Plato. They had never, perhaps, heard more than the names of Homer and Hesiod, of Sophocles and Pindar. In consequence they sometimes committed ludicrous mistakes. Thus in one passage Averroes, confounding together Heraclitus the philosopher, and Heracles, or as we say Hercules, the demigod, asserts that there had existed in Greece a school of philosophers called the Herculeans, and that Socrates was the chief of that school! Thus, again, he supposes that Tragedy is only a rhetorical term for the art of praising, and Comedy only a rhetorical term for the art of turning into ridicule; and he goes on to contend that since the Koran has within it several passages

of panegyric, and also several passages of invective, the Koran is fairly entitled to the praise of containing both tragedies and comedies!

Avicenna and Averroes were, I think, exactly on a level in their study of Greek. Both could read it only by means of an Arabic translation; both applied themselves mainly to the same two authors, Aristotle and Galen. But there was this difference between them: Avicenna desired to hold the balance even between his two Greeks; Averroes, on the other hand, in his almost idolatry for Aristotle, laboured hard whenever Aristotle and Galen may differ to reconcile their views, but if reconcilement seemed to be impossible, he then invariably sided with the Stagyrite.

I may add that Averroes showed throughout a most unfriendly feeling towards his Arabian predecessor. He seldom refers to Avicenna but in disparaging terms, nor quotes his opinions unless with a view to gainsay them. This aversion was certainly real—not so the train of idle legends which has sprung from it. Thus, Vossius, a writer once of some archaic repute, is quoted by Brücker, in the third volume of his History of Philosophy, as alleging that Avicenna, having travelled to Cordova, was there seized by order of Averroes, and put to death in torment, upon a wheel. It may suffice, in answer to this ridiculous fable, to observe that Avicenna had died some ninety years before Averroes was born.

The instance of Averroes is another proof that a prophet hath no honour in his own country. His doctrine was of little or no mark among the Moslem

communities. During his lifetime, indeed, as we have seen, it excited sufficient notice to draw upon him a considerable degree of religious persecution. But after his decease it was speedily forgotten. Thus in his own Mahometan sphere he left no followers and founded no school. It is shown by M. Renan, who gives the particular examples, that this author of eleven folio volumes, as since published in a Latin version, is not once mentioned, even by name, in several lists of Mahometan philosophers and other worthies, which were drawn up in the ensuing centuries at Cairo, and other main seats of Oriental learning.

There might, indeed, I think, be written a curious chapter enumerating what I may call the unconscious founders of sects—men who have died without the least suspicion or idea that after their death their name or their tenets would be assumed by a religious party. Such was the case with Averroes. Such was the case also, for example, centuries afterwards, with Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, who, on his death-bed, had no reason whatever to foresee that a party would arise to be called the Jansenists in France.

The renown of Averroes is therefore entirely dependent on the great and extraordinary favour which his tenets found among the learned men, both Jews and Christians, of Western Europe. And first as to the Jews. When we consider how that people was persecuted and down-trodden, all through the Middle Ages —how, without any fixed country of their own, they were driven to and fro from place to place, to escape the bigot and the spoiler—we must be struck at the

indomitable spirit which enabled their chief men even amidst these heavy trials still to apply themselves to the pursuit of knowledge. A list is given of eminent Jewish scholars from Maimonides downward, who, in their study of philosophy, have eagerly applied themselves to Averroes, translating his principal treatises from Arabic into Hebrew, and adopting as their own many of his tenets. Of these Jewish works upon points of philosophy, apart from the teaching of Averroes, the latest in point of time, and also, I should apprehend, by far the highest in point of ability, is that most ingenious dialogue in the Platonic manner, the *Phaedo* of Moses Mendelssohn.

The Jewish people have indeed in a manner most remarkable combined two characteristics which at first sight may seem almost inconsistent with each other. While with inflexible determination they have clung to their ancient faith, they have been willing from time to time to bring into unison with it some of the principal philosophical speculations which arose. Thus, at the commencement of our era, Philo and his school at Alexandria drew to themselves, as is well known, several of the doctrines of Plato, and trod in the footsteps of the Neo-Platonists. Thus, in like manner, Maimonides and his successors were willing to take as their guide in philosophical science Aristotle, under the sanction of the Arabic commentator.

Next, as to the Christian writers. The earliest of these who appears to have translated Averroes, or brought him into note in Western Europe, was our own countryman, the reputed wizard, Michael Scott.

He is mentioned by Roger Bacon as having first brought forward certain books of Aristotle with certain learned commentaries; and we collect from other sources that these commentaries were no other than those of Averroes. "Through him," adds Roger Bacon, "the philosophy of Aristotle was glorified in the Latin sphere:" *Magnificata est Aristotelis philosophia apud Latinos.* This he says was in the year of Christ 1230, that is, as my hearers will observe, in little more than thirty years from the death of Averroes.

Seen by the light of modern science, some of the deductions of Michael Scott from his Arabic source are not a little fantastic. They seem the stranger when, as in some cases, invested with the forms of the Aristotelian logic—forms which at one time were considered as affording one main security for the demonstration of truth. Here is a fragment, the Latin original of which is still preserved at Paris in the library of the Sorbonne: "The firmament of heaven is round, and all that is round is perfect; therefore the firmament of heaven is perfect. But everything that is perfect is free from motion, because it can want or seek no good gift which it has not already; and the firmament of heaven is perfect, therefore, the firmament of heaven also is free from motion." Accordingly, as Michael Scott goes on to say, any danger to the great celestial system would lie in the possible motion of its parts; and this, he adds, is what Averroes teaches.

Such then, as a translator of the recent Arabic, and a novice in natural science, is the true position of that Michael Scott, who is no doubt far more familiar to you

in his popular character of a magician, as he is mentioned in Dante, and as Sir Walter Scott portrays him in the Lay of the Last Minstrel:—

> "A wizard of such dreaded fame,
> That when in Salamanca's cave
> Him listed his magic wand to wave,
> The bells would ring in Notre Dame!"

The legend you will observe names Salamanca as indicating that the source of Michael Scott's knowledge was in Spain. In truth, however, it was not at Salamanca, but at Toledo, that Michael Scott pursued his Arabic studies.

I may add as another curious point in the character of this "dreaded wizard" and Arabic scholar, that he was at one time Archbishop designate of Cashel. A papal document which Dean Milman has produced to the Philo-biblon Society, shows that in 1223 Pope Honorius III. named Michael Scott to that high dignity. But Michael Scott declined, pleading his entire ignorance of the Irish language—a plea which has not always been put forth as a disqualification by later Archbishops in that country!

Hermannus Alemannus, or the German, is mentioned as the next in order of the translators of Averroes into Latin. He also studied at Toledo, and availed himself of Jews as his Arabic interpreters in the version which he made. The doctrine of Averroes being thus made known to the learned men of France and Italy, it speedily raised up powerful defenders and no less powerful opponents. Chief of the latter, as taking their stand on the theological fastness, were, in the

first age, Albert, surnamed the Great, and Thomas Aquinas.

But you will naturally ask, what then was that doctrine on the one hand so extensively adopted, on the other hand so keenly assailed? I here come then to that one distinctive tenet which has been the main source of Averroes's fame. He maintained, as the true Aristotelian doctrine, that there is an *anima mundi*—a soul of the world. He held that there exists one common intelligence, which is immaterial and immortal, and which still preserves its numerical unity, though disseminated among the many millions of mankind. It might thus be put perhaps—that a spark of the intellectual flame flies forth to join each human being at its birth, and that at the decease of that human being it flies back, to be again absorbed in the central intelligence.

I must observe, however, that it is by no means easy to describe with even approximate precision a doctrine which was much clouded over by the animosity of its opponents, and still more frequently obscured by the fears of its defenders. Several of its points were not, I think, expressed in plain terms, and were rather left to be inferred. One of the necessary deductions arising from it is stated as follows by Mr. Hallam, in the first volume of his Literary History. "If the human soul as a universal possess an objective reality, it must surely be intelligent; and being such it may seem no extravagant hypothesis, though one incapable of that demonstration we now require in philosophy, to suppose that it acts upon the subordinate intelli-

gences of the same species, and receives impressions from them."

Even from so slight a sketch of this doctrine we may readily see how it could happen that a long and stubborn controversy arose, whether or not it admitted the immortality of the soul. The disciples of Averroes maintained that it did; his opponents urged that it did not. And certainly there is something to be alleged on both sides. If the soul on quitting its tenement of clay becomes absorbed into a superior but still kindred intelligence, it cannot be said to perish. But, on the other hand, if it is to possess no self-consciousness nor personal identity, then, to say the least, there is a wide departure from the idea of an immortal soul as commonly understood or received.

It is not to be supposed that this doctrine of Averroes was understood in the same manner by all his disciples. On the contrary, there were numerous subtleties and subdivisions, according as learned men who were attracted towards it laboured from time to time, and with more or less success, to bring it into harmony with the tenets of revealed religion. Thus, it might be supposed that the spark of the *anima mundi*, which, according to Averroes, is sent to animate each human being, need not at the death of that human being immediately, and of course, rejoin the central essence, but may be destined in punishment or reward first to pass through either higher or lower phases of existence. Such a view of the case would therefore not be irreconcilable with the doctrine of future retribution for the good or the evil deeds of the present life,

though evidently falling short of the orthodox dogma which teaches an eternity of acceptance or of condemnation.

It seems far from easy, judging from the passages which I see adduced, to reconcile the followers of Averroes with one another. But hardest of all is the task to reconcile Averroes with himself. The occasional divergence in his views might indeed be well explained by supposing that he, like most other philosophers, had varied in his views at different periods of his life. But what shall we say when we find these divergences occur in one and the same piece of writing? Thus in the controversial treatise which bears the singular title of 'Destruction of Destructions,' Averroes contends in the plainest terms that the soul is not divided according to the numbers of the human race, and that it is the same in Socrates or in Plato; that intellect has no individuality, and that what seems individuality is only the result of sensation. Yet in the same essay there occurs the following passage, which appears to take up the old and the orthodox ground. "The eyesight of an old man is weak, not because his visual faculty is weakened, but because the eye which serves as its instrument is weakened. If the old had the eye of the young he would see as clearly as the young. Moreover, sleep supplies a manifest proof that the *substratum* of the soul is permanent, since all the operations of the mind, and all the organs that serve as instruments to these operations, are, as it were, annihilated during this time of repose, and yet the soul does not cease to be. From such considerations the learned are brought

to share the views of the vulgar upon immortality. And further still, the intellect does not seem attached to any particular organ, while on the other hand the nerves are all localised, and may be so affected in different parts of the body as to produce contradictory sensations."[1]

It was not merely on the soul of man that Averroes formed his speculations. I have already found occasion to give you some of his views on the celestial bodies as deduced by Michael Scott. In his own writings these views are still more clearly expounded. He looked upon the heavens as forming together a series of animated beings whose various orbs represent the members essential to life, and whose main mover is to them what in the human frame the heart is to the limbs. Each of these orbs, according to Averroes, has self-consciousness, and knows also what is passing in the orbs inferior to itself. The highest sphere of all has therefore a full knowledge of whatever is passing in the universe. You will see at once how closely this system connects itself with the idea of a central intelligence.

And yet, notwithstanding dreams like these, in which many men of genius, besides Averroes, have at times indulged, it may I think be said with truth, that this Arabian, far from being behind his contemporaries on this subject of astronomy, was greatly in advance of them. All at that time clung with undoubting faith to the astronomical system of Ptolemy:—

"Cycle and epicycle, orb on orb."

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[1] See these two passages in Renan: *Averroes*, pp. 154, 155.

The system of Ptolemy is well known. He explained the divers movements of the stars by the supposition of crystalline spheres without any stint of numbers; so that, as Fontenelle long afterwards observed, crystalline spheres cost him nothing, and he designed a new one at each fresh occasion that arose. On this point Averroes, greatly to his honour, forsook his Grecian guide. There is a remarkable passage upon it in the twelfth book, chapter iv. (not the thirteenth book, chapter viii., according to the erroneous reference of M. Renan) of his commentary on Aristotle's Metaphysics. He gives arguments against Ptolemy's whole system of epicycles and eccentrics, which he declares to be impossible. "Nature," he adds, "does nothing in vain, and it is unworthy a philosopher to suppose that she employs two instruments when a single one will effect the object in view. It is therefore needful that there should be a renewed investigation of that genuine astronomy which rests on natural foundation. In my youth I hoped that such an investigation might be made by myself. Now in my old age I despair of it; but still, my observations may stir up some other man to pursue these inquiries in my place."

This wish, as you well know, was fully accomplished, but not until centuries after Averroes had ceased to be.

The doctrines of Averroes then, taken as a further development of the doctrines of Aristotle, provoked much keen discussion in the Middle Ages. But that discussion was by no means always uniform; on the contrary, very different phases of it may be traced as it

proceeded. Under the Emperors of the house of Suabia, engaged as they were in ceaseless conflict with the ecclesiastical powers, a sceptical spirit was afloat. Indeed it has been observed that in this respect Italy, during the thirteenth century, bore a striking resemblance to France during the eighteenth. With the sceptics then of the thirteenth century the disciples of Averroes came to be allied. Still we find the name of the philosopher held in high respect, even by many who dissented from his doctrine. A passage in proof of this may be cited from the twenty-fifth book of Dante's *Purgatorio*. Here the poet Statius is introduced as solving some doubts that were felt by Dante, and he proceeds to say—I quote from Mr. Cary's version—

> "How babe of animal becomes remains
> For thy considering. At this point more wise
> Than thou hast erred, making the soul disjoined
> From passive intellect."

Now the early commentators upon Dante tell us that the man "more wise" (*più savio*[1]), here respectfully referred to, is no other than Averroes. And Mr. Cary adds: "Much of the knowledge displayed by our poet in the present canto appears to be derived from the medical work of Averroes, called the *Colliget*.

Judging from Dante, then, we may assert that Averroes had no cause to complain of the poets in that age. But he was not treated quite so honourably by the

[1] Quest è tal punto
Che più savio di te già fece errante.

painters. There is, above all, a picture in the Campo Santo, at Pisa, which is described by M. Renan, the artist being Andrea Orcagna, and the date 1335; and in this picture, which represents the *Inferno*, there is a special *bolge* reserved for the leaders of misbelief. Three figures are there placed side by side: first, Mahomet, next Antichrist, and lastly a figure marked by a turban and long beard, and entwined in the folds of a serpent: this last is Averroes.

But another phase of opinion was near at hand. Not only the race of the Suabian princes, but their traditions, having passed away, the sceptical spirit which had been cherished at their Court subsided as rapidly as it rose. The followers of Averroes were no longer regarded as of course enemies of the Church. No stronger proof of this can be given than that for a long period they held supremacy in the Catholic University of Padua. The faith in Averroes came to mean faith in his commentary; that is, to regard him as the best and most trustworthy of all expounders of Aristotle. In like manner the Averroist tenet of a common intelligence was frittered down until it came to little more than the identity of spiritual principles and powers in the divers souls of men,—a dogma to which, as thus modified, no reasonable objection could be made. Still, however, we are to understand that the doctrines of Averroes, in their primitive sense, continued to be held and even taught in private by no small number of persons.

In the mitigated form which Averroism had now assumed, or at least professed, it might still have con-

tinued during many years to bear sway in Northern Italy. But at the commencement of the sixteenth century, there came that great stir and upheaving of the human intellect which produced Luther, and in its results tore Christendom asunder. It was at work even earlier in Italy than in central Europe, but embraced other topics besides those of the Reformation, since even so fundamental a doctrine as the immortality of the soul was in some quarters frequently denied. Then, as had already happened in the thirteenth century, the sceptics, if they were not joined by the Averroists, endeavoured at least to shelter themselves under their name and authority. Then, as was natural and reasonable, the theologians took alarm. A Council was held at the Lateran, and in December, 1512, there was issued a Pontifical Bull, joining in one common condemnation the men who denied the immortality of the soul and the men who maintained the *anima mundi*. And in this manner came forth at last an authoritative decision of the Roman Catholic Church against, in one form or another, the favourite and distinctive tenet of Averroes.

In my view of the case, however, the decline of Averroism may be traced to a different cause and to a somewhat earlier period. Its decline, as I conceive, dates from the 4th of April, 1497, on which day a learned man, whose name is given, rose in his professorial chair at Padua to lecture upon Aristotle, then first from the original Greek.[1] Then fell Averroes, never more to rise. For let it be remembered what

[1] His name was Nicolas Leonicus Thomacus. See Renan, p. 385.

was in truth the commentary of Averroes. It was derived by him from a faulty Arabic version, and it was transmitted by his disciples to the Western races in a faulty Latin version. How could a commentary thus exposed to a twofold cycle of errors in translation continue to hold its ground against other commentaries founded on the living, the authoritative, Greek?

To conclude; there is only one other observation which I have to make. I should wish you to notice that the subject which I have chosen does not imply any knowledge of the original Arabic sources. If it did I could not have undertaken it without the most extreme presumption. But in truth the subject which I announced, and which accordingly I have now discussed, is solely the "influence" of the Arabic philosophy —its influence in mediæval Europe. Now, as I have already had occasion to apprise you, that influence was exerted in every case and quite exclusively by means of Latin translations. It is therefore only with these translations, or with the testimonies to them, that my appointed subject has led me to deal, or that I have dealt, in the address which at this point I have the honour to conclude.

STANHOPE.

LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE.

[*Fraser's Magazine, July*, 1866.]

LEGENDS and mythical stories of various kinds have often in the progress of time gathered around the memories of remarkable men. But there is one curious fact respecting them, which has only of late years been, I might, perhaps, say discovered—certainly, at least, acknowledged. They were formerly thought to have proceeded, like any other falsehoods, from a deliberate purpose to deceive. Now, on the contrary, it seems to be admitted by most persons that they spring up almost unconsciously, and in many cases with a full conviction of their truth by those who first composed them.

The explanation of this the later, and, as I should say, the sounder view, is to be found in the following train of thought which we may assume to have passed in the mind of the credulous fabulist. The thing must have been so and so; therefore the thing was so and so. Such a man was a great hero—of course then he was eight feet high. Such a man was very learned—of course then he had studied the Black Art. Such a man was a Saint—of course then we cannot be wrong in ascribing to him any virtue or any marvel. A process

of reasoning like this in the darker ages has sufficed to transform Attila into a giant, Virgil into a magician, and Mahomet into what he certainly never claimed to be, a worker of miracles. Thus does wonder crowd on wonder, each succeeding writer adding a new circumstance, until at last the true historical personage is obscured, and well nigh lost to sight in a cloud of legendary lore.

On no period of history however have these legends settled more closely or in greater numbers than on the era of Charlemagne. That great Sovereign might well make a powerful impression on the popular mind. His dominion was as extensive as that of Napoleon, and indeed almost conterminous with it, while the duration of his reign was about three-fold. The excellence of his civil institutions enhanced the glory of his military exploits; and he looms high above the series both of his predecessors and of his descendants.

The life and character of Charlemagne have been described with full authority by Eginhard, an accomplished man of letters, who knew him well, and who filled an office at his Court. This is in truth the only quite accurate and trustworthy record. But on the other hand, it is rather brief and summary, and might well appear to the next age incommensurate to the extent of his conquests and the lustre of his reign. In order to supply this popular craving, there came forth in the eleventh century a fabulous history of Charlemagne, falsely ascribed to Turpin, who in the days of the great Emperor had been Archbishop of Rheims. To the same effect, but in divers forms, and in every

variety of language, has started up a whole host of ballads and romances.

Eginhard—who by the way was not in truth Eginhard at all, for he always called himself and his contemporaries always called him Einhard or Einhardus—tells us that Charlemagne gave orders to put in writing "the barbaric and most ancient poems in which the deeds and wars of the old Kings were sung." The object of the great Emperor was that these poems might be safely transmitted to posterity; and the encouragement which he thus afforded to such compositions was, though unconsciously, conducive to his own renown. Other poems in celebration of himself sprung up within the next two centuries; and although the great fame of Charlemagne might fairly rest on his authentic and admitted deeds, yet, certainly, in the eyes of our forefathers, and perhaps even in our own, his figure has seemed enormously enhanced and magnified when contemplated through the haze of fiction.

On no point I think has that fiction been so rife as on the many legends relating to the twelve Peers of Charlemagne, or, as they are sometimes called, his Paladins. But Charlemagne in real fact had no Peers at all. The idea is quite imaginary. It appears to take its rise from the supposition that every man of might ought to be attended by certain followers of commensurate renown; and the Gospel History may perhaps have suggested the number twelve as especially solemn and sacred. Thus, in like manner, the Spaniards have an epic on Alexander the Great which dates from the thirteenth century, and which represents the Macedo-

nian conqueror also as having around him his twelve Peers.[1]

As to the name of Paladin, it has been like so many others elucidated by the skill and learning of Ducange. He shows from quotations that the *d* in the word is a later corruption of *t*, and that the original term was "Palatin," not "Paladin;" the signification being "one that belongs to the palace;" a chosen champion, or if you prefer it, a guardsman of the Sovereign.

Charlemagne himself in some legends is raised to the stature of a giant. His life by the pseudo-Turpin declares that he was at least eight feet high. In other legends he is exalted to the dignity of a Saint. Such at all events was the idea entertained of him by Joan of Arc. She said to Charles the Seventh, at Chinon: "I tell you, gentle Dauphin, that God has pity on you, your realm, and your people, for St. Louis and St. Charlemagne are on their knees before him, and offer supplications for you."

But the event of this reign in which all the poetry, all the legends, all the pseudo-histories, may be said to culminate, is the retreat of the French from Spain, attended by the rout of Roncesvalles and the fall of Roland. The real facts are to be gathered from two passages of Eginhard; the one in his Life of Charlemagne, and the other in his Annals, under the date 778. It appears then that Charlemagne, being invited to Spain by Ibn Araby, one of his Moorish allies, marched

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[1] This is the *Alexandro* of Juan Lorenzo Segura, a poem of above ten thousand lines. See Mr. Ticknor's *History*, vol. i. p. 54.

over the Pyrenees, took Pamplona, and advanced to the Ebro, under the walls of Saragoza. There he received hostages in token of submission from several of the Saracen princes, and so far had been successful in his object. But on his march homewards his rear-guard was assailed and put to the sword in one of the Pyrenean passes by an armed body of Spanish Basques. "In which conflict," adds Eginhard, "there fell with very many others, Anselm, Count of the Palace, and Roland, Præfect of the Marches of Brittany."[1] I may remark that the name of Roland is here given in the truly barbaric form of *Hruodlandus*. Much more important than this observation is the note here appended by M. Teulet, the latest and best editor of Eginhard. "This passage," he says, "is the only one among the early historians in which any mention is made of the famous Roland who plays so great a part in all the Carlovingian romances."

On this scanty groundwork then has arisen, as I may term it, an air-built and fantastic castle. In the first place, Roland is made the nephew of Charlemagne—a relationship which would certainly not be unnoticed by Eginhard if it had been real. Next he is invested with the trusty sword Durandal, with which he not only demolishes his enemies, but on one occasion, when pursuing the Moslem, cleaves a pass through the Pyrenees which towers above *le Cirque de Gavarni*, and is still called *la brèche de Roland*. Moreover he had a horn scarcely less tremendous, which he sounded in the

[1] Eginhard, *Opera*, vol. i. p. 32, ed. Teulet.

rout of Roncesvalles, to apprize Charlemagne of his danger, and which was heard by the Emperor at a wonderful distance. Further still the romancers are so obliging as to provide him with a bride, the Lady Alda, who remains at Paris, and is awaiting his return from Spain.

As it appears to me, there is here a striking similarity between the Roland of France and the William Wallace of Scotland. The exploits of both are unrecorded in the meagre chronicles of the time. These exploits live only in tradition and in song. But taken as a whole they have, in my judgment, a just claim to be believed. All that tradition has done is to confound the dates and exaggerate the circumstances. We may be sure that so great and so general a fame could not in either case have arisen had not the living hero impressed his image on the public mind. I should therefore entirely agree with Sismondi, who in the second volume of the history of France contends, that although Roland may not have been pre-eminent at Roncesvalles, he must have performed achievements and acquired renown in former years, when warring against the Saracens of Spain.

Many other characters of Roncesvalles, though familiar to the minstrel, are wholly unknown to the historian. Such are Oliver and other Paladins in the French romances. Such are Durandarte and Calaynos in the Spanish ballads. But above all in frequency of mention stands Ganelon, the arch-traitor, who misled Roland in the mountain passes and caused the "dolorous rout." M. Génin, a high authority on the Carlovingian

period, has discussed the subject of this name,[1] conceiving it to be derived from an Archbishop of Sens, also called Ganelon, who in 859 was guilty of gross ingratitude to his Sovereign and benefactor Charles the Bald. This seems to me a wholly unfounded idea. The ingratitude of Archbishop Ganelon did not lead to any such striking or fatal action as would at all impress itself on the popular imagination; and moreover it appears that the Emperor and the Prelate were reconciled together before the close of the same year. Nor is the sacerdotal character preserved in the legendary Ganelon, as one would expect it to be if an Archbishop had been in truth its prototype.

I consider it therefore very far more probable that Ganelon may have been the real appellation of the treacherous chief of the Navarrese or Spanish Basques who assailed the rear-guard of Charlemagne. Nor does it seem to me at all surprising that Eginhard in his very summary account of the transaction, and omitting even the name of Roncesvalles, should omit also the name of any leader on the enemy's side.

Be this as it may, however, there is no doubt that within two centuries and a half from the death of Charlemagne the songs and ballads founded on the tragical tale of Roncesvalles had grown popular in France. One proof of this—connected also with the history of England—is given by Robert Wace in his *Roman de Rou*. He tells us that as the Normans of William the Conqueror marched onwards to the battle

[1] *Chanson de Roland*, Introduction, p. xxv.

of Hastings, they had in their front ranks a valiant minstrel, who from his deeds of arms was surnamed *Taillefer*, "the hewer of iron." Taillefer then in the front ranks went singing, as the old French rhymes declare it—

> "De Carlemaigne et de Rolant,
> Et d'Olivier et des vassaus,
> Qui morurent en Rainscevaux."

Or,—

> "Of Charlemagne and of Roland,
> And of Oliver and the vassals,
> Who died in Roncevaux." [1]

Nor were the ballads of Roncevaux less in vogue among the Spaniards. Of this I may give a striking example, though of a later period, derived from the very masterpiece of Spanish genius. There is a passage in the second part of Don Quixote,[2] where the knight of La Mancha and his squire repair to Toboso in quest of the peerless Dulcinea. There—

"a country labourer passed them, going out before daybreak to plough, and as he came along he was singing the old ballad which says—

> 'Ill ye fared ye Frenchmen
> In the chase of Ronceval.'

"'Let me die,' said Don Quixote, hearing the ballad, 'if we have any good success to-night. Dost thou hear what the peasant sings, Sancho?'"

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[1] See Génin, *Introduction à la Chanson de Roland*, p. lxvi.

[2] Part ii. chap. ix.

The ballad thus quoted by Cervantes, as sung by a clown in La Mancha, is given by him (so far as regards the opening lines) with some slight verbal differences from its printed form in the *Romancero*—differences which, arising, as of course, from traditionary recitation, are of no particular account. It has been rendered into English verse by Mr. Lockhart, under the title of 'The Admiral Guarinos.' And here I cannot but pause for a moment to commemorate the admirable spirit and brilliancy with which Mr. Lockhart has translated—or rather in many cases not exactly translated, but rather paraphrased and new-formed—these ancient Spanish ballads. My own warmth of feeling may indeed mislead me when I mention a friend of great intimacy and of cherished memory, now passed away. But I would desire you to consider how strong on this point is the testimony of an American gentleman, Mr. Ticknor. In his excellent book—'The History of Spanish Literature'—Mr. Ticknor observes of these translations of Lockhart, that in his judgment they form 'a work of genius beyond any of the sort known to him in any language.'[1]

If indeed I may be permitted to adduce a single instance in proof of this great superiority, I shall be content with one, the concluding stanza of this very ballad on 'The Admiral Guarinos.' It relates how Guarinos—not a Moslem, as you might imagine from his title, but one of Charlemagne's captains, and made a prisoner at Roncesvalles—after seven years' durance,

[1] *History of Spanish Literature*, vol. i. p. 115, ed. 1863.

being by a fortunate accident mounted once more on his favourite war-horse, and grasping once more his ancient lance, makes his way from Spain. I will give you first a translation as literal as I can make it of the Spanish lines, and next Mr. Lockhart's version.

Here is a literal translation of the concluding Spanish lines:—

"The Moors who looked upon this
All with one accord sought to slay him;
But Guarinos, as became a brave man,
Began forthwith to fight
With the Moors, who were so many
That they might have darkened the sun.
In such guise then did he fight
That he was able to set himself free,
And to reach once again his own land,
His native soil of France.
Great honour there they showed him,
When they thus saw him return."

How incomparably finer, how far more abounding in life and fire, is the corresponding stanza of Mr. Lockhart:—

"With that Guarinos, lance in rest, against the scoffer rode,
Pierced at one thrust his envious breast, and down his turban trode.
Now ride, now ride, Guarinos, nor lance nor rowel spare,
Slay, slay, and gallop for thy life, the land of France lies *there!*"

But let me make myself clearly understood. While I think that the Spanish lines which close 'The Admiral Guarinos' are extremely poor and tame, I am far indeed

from applying that character in general to the Spanish ballads, or other lyric pieces. On the contrary, many amongst them possess a natural charm, an inborn simplicity and grace, and sometimes also an exquisite tenderness, which cannot be too highly praised, and which seem almost to defy the power of translation. As combining all these qualities I might mention, for instance, the little poem beginning *En los tiempos que me vi*, which is the original of Lockhart's 'Valladolid,' and one other, *La niña Morena*, which is the original of 'Zara's Ear-rings.' In some of these cases, however, the Spanish poem is marred by later interpolations, as Depping considers them, or as I should rather say, by an original defect in the *couleur locale*, as the French term it. Thus, in 'Zara's Ear-rings,' the Moorish maiden speaks of herself attending Mass, a rite, of course, peculiar to the Christians; and also of admiring the rich brocade of a Marquis, a title never known among her countrymen.

Excellent as are undoubtedly these translations by Lockhart, taken as a whole, there are yet some few cases in which they have been even surpassed. Thus there is another fine ballad derived from the age of Charlemagne, 'Lady Alda's Dream,' Lady Alda being the fabulous bride of the scarcely less fabulous Roland. Of this Mr. Ticknor observes, that in its English dress Lockhart must yield the palm to another most accomplished man who is still preserved to us; I mean the former Governor of Canada, Sir Edmund Head. In this ballad Lady Alda being left at Paris with her train, has a dream of a falcon overpowered by an eagle. One

of her damsels seeks to interpret this dream in an auspicious sense. But I will leave Sir Edmund Head to continue the tale.

"'Thou art the falcon, and thy knight is the eagle in his pride,
As he comes in triumph from the wars, and pounces on his bride.'
The maidens laughed, but Alda sighed and gravely shook her head:
'Full rich,' quoth she, 'shall thy guerdon be, if thou the truth hast said.'
'Tis morn; her letters stained with blood the truth too plainly tell,
How in the chase of Ronceval Sir Roland fought and fell."[1]

But I have not yet done with 'The Admiral Guarinos.' In the passage which I read to you from Don Quixote, you will observe how Cervantes makes his hero declare that he can expect no good fortune that day, since it had begun by the singing of a ballad upon Roncesvalles. It appears, then, that the singing of a ballad upon Roncesvalles was deemed of ill augury among Spaniards. On the other hand, since, as I have lately shown you, the soldiers of William the Conqueror marched forward to the battle of Hastings singing another of these ballads upon Roncesvalles, we may conclude that it was deemed of good augury among Frenchmen. Is not this a strange fact?—I think not hitherto noticed. Here are the songs on the rout of Roncesvalles held to be of ill

[1] The Lady Alda reappears in one at least of the *Chansons de Geste*, where she is mentioned as the sister of Sir Oliver:—

"Et si vient belle Aude, la soreur Olivier."

Gui de Bourgogne, p. 39, ed. 1859.

augury among the supposed descendants of the victors, and of good augury among the supposed descendants of the vanquished! Surely this is the very reverse of what on any preconceived idea we might expect to find.

In English poetry we find the rout of Roncesvalles not unfrequently mentioned. There is in the first book of Paradise Lost a reminiscence—no doubt high-toned and sonorous, but a little misty—in which Milton ranks not only the famous Roland, but the great Emperor himself among the slain:—

> "When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
> By Fontarabia."

Coming to later times, we find a pathetic ballad by Matthew George Lewis, entitled, Durandarte and Belerma, for which he is only in some part indebted to the Spanish. It begins as follows:—

> "Sad and fearful is the story
> Of the Roncesvalles fight;
> On that fatal field of glory
> Perished many a gallant knight."

Nor can you have forgotten the beautiful opening of that poem, one of the very finest of its class, which commemorates the death of the Black Prince at Bordeaux, and which Sir Walter Scott has interwoven with the novel of Rob Roy.

> "O for the voice of that wild horn
> On Fontarabian echoes borne,
> The dying hero's call;
> That told imperial Charlemagne
> How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain
> Had wrought his champion's fall."

Pass we to Italian. Dante has a passage very similar to Milton's, in which he refers to "the dolorous rout," *la dolorosa rotta*, and to the sounding of the terrible horn.[1] It is remarkable that in the same place Dante calls the enterprise of Charlemagne "the saintly deed," *la santa gesta*. A phrase derived, as I conceive, from a later period—the Crusades—when the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre suggested the idea of every conflict with the Moslem as a holy war.

But in Italy the legends of Charlemagne did not merely, as in England, give rise to some passing allusion or to some imitative song. On the contrary, they produced two great epic poems, the epic of Boyardo and the epic of Ariosto, both having for their hero the brave Roland, or as the Italians call him, Orlando.

The poem of Boyardo, founded on an imaginary siege of Paris by the Saracens, is now very little read, at least beyond his own country. But the few among us who are qualified to judge, have judged him very favourably. Thus speaks Mr. Hallam:—

"The *Orlando Inamorato* of Boyardo has hitherto not received that share of renown which seems to be its due overpowered by the splendour of Ariosto's poem."[2]

Ariosto's poem has indeed cast into the shade nearly all other poems of romantic fiction on his side the Alps. So much was it read and relished by the Italians, as to reflect a share of its own popularity on the older Carlovingian legends, out of which it sprung.

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[1] *Inferno*, canto xxxi.

[2] *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 313.

This Italian appreciation, from whatever cause arising, of the Carlovingian legends, may be proved by some slight but significant examples. Thus is it not curious that the common Italian word which means "to deceive," *ingannare*, is held to be derived from the name of Ganelon, or shortly, Gan, the arch-traitor at Roncesvalles?

Thus, again, many a wayfarer on the old and beautiful post-road—seldom, I fear, to be re-travelled—from Florence to Rome, by way of Terni, may have noticed to his left, perched on one of the summits of the Apennines, the decaying town of Spello. One of its gates bears, it seems, a piece of mediæval sculpture, with an inscription in honour of Orlando. They are marked by the grossness of a less cultivated age, and I cannot fully explain them. It may suffice for my purpose to say that they are intended to commemorate the hero's gigantic size and warlike prowess.[1]

In France, the poems belonging to the Carlovingian cycle are very numerous, and some of considerable length. They were called *Chansons de Geste*, an old French word derived from the Latin *Gesta*, so that the meaning is: "Songs of heroic deeds." One of the chief of these is the *Chanson de Roland*, having for its author Turold or Théroulde, and for its date, as is probable, the eleventh century. The last and best edition of it was in the year 1851, by M. Génin, who prefixed an ably written and interesting introduction, to which in my present essay I am much beholden.

[1] They are described at length by M. Génin, *Chanson de Roland*, Introduction, p. xxi.

M. Génin, in the true spirit of a commentator, ascribes great poetical merit and beauty to the work which he has edited. Such is also the opinion of a gentleman in this country, Mr. Ludlow, who in 1865 published two volumes of the Popular Epics of the Middle Ages. Mr. Ludlow there says that he considers the Song of Roland "the masterpiece of French epic poetry."[1] For my own part, I cannnot concur in these praises. So far as I have read in the Song of Roland, I have found it very tiresome reading, and discovered no trace of poetical beauties. Its value, as it seems to me, is as illustrating the temper and the manners of the time; and of these I shall now proceed to offer one or two examples.

In the fifth book of the *Chanson de Roland* is an account of the final conflict under the walls of Saragoza. We find the "Amiralz" or Emir before it commences invoking his false gods, calling in one breath upon Apollo and Mahomet, and vowing to each an image in fine gold. And after the city is taken the poet continues in a passage which may serve to show the idea of liberty of conscience as current in that age:—

"The Emperor has Saragoza taken;
A thousand Frenchmen search through the city,
Its synagogues, and its Mahoundries (*Mahumeries*);
Holding mallets of iron and hatchets,
They break the images and the idols.
The Bishops meanwhile bless the waters,
And lead the Pagans to the baptistery.

[1] See vol. i. p. 363.

If any one should gainsay great Charles,
He is hanged, or burned, or slain.
More than one hundred thousand are baptized
And made good Christians; all but the Queen—
She is led away a captive to fair France,
That she may be converted by love."

The authors of these poems were disposed to follow a good old Oriental precedent. When in the East one of the Arabian Nights or some other tale of wonder is recited, it is usual for the reciter to stop short at the most interesting period, and declare that he will not finish the story unless a piece of money be put down by every person present. Just so in these *Chansons de Geste*. Thus in *Huon de Bordeaux*, there is a pause after five thousand lines, when Huon is just about to encounter the giant in his castle, and the minstrel says —I will translate the lines:—

"Oh mighty *Segnors*, I am sure you see full plain
That it is near vespers, and that I am weary.
. . . . . .
Let me then go and drink, for such is my desire.
. . . . . .
But do you return to-morrow, after dinner,
And let me pray each of you to bring with him
A *maille* (a halfpenny) tied up in a fold of his shirt,
For there is little liberality in these *Poitevines;*
Miserly and mean was he who first had them made,
Or who first gave them to the courteous minstrel."[1]

Poitevines, let me explain, are a very small French coin, so called because they were first coined in Poitou. Small as they were, however, it was found worth while

[1] *Huon de Bordeaux*, p. 148, ed. 1860.

to counterfeit them, for we find in old French the word *Poitevineur* as applied to the maker of false *Poitevines*.[1]

But I come back to the minstrel in *Huon de Bordeaux*. It would seem that his hearers on the morrow had neglected to bring in their shirts the much desired *mailles*. Therefore, after some five hundred lines of further recitation, the minstrel breaks forth again:—

" Take you notice, so may God give me health,
I will at once put an end to my song:
I will excommunicate on my own authority,
Also by the power of Auberon and his rank,
All those who shall not open their purses and give to my wife."[2]

Auberon, I need not say, is the old French form of the German or the English *Oberon*. But I may add that in the course of my reading I have met with this name Auberon in the French form upon only two occasions; first in the legend of the fairies, and next in the pedigree of the Earls of Carnarvon.

The story in this *Chanson de Geste*, *Huon de Bordeaux*, is substantially the same as that in the romantic poem the *Oberon* of Wieland. But its recital is extremely rude and bald, and it seems still more so when contrasted with the masterpiece of the graceful German.

One of its peculiarities is as to the parentage of Oberon, which it states at the outset in some lines as follows:—

" Know ye that Auberon was son of Julius Cæsar,
Who reigned in Hungary, a savage land,

[1] Roquefort, *Glossaire de la Langue Romane* (*sub voce*).
[2] *Huon de Bordeaux*, p. 164.

Who held Austria also, and its inheritance.
Moreover, he held Court in Constantinople,
And there built walls seven leagues in length,
Which are standing at this very day.
. . . . . .
His son, then, was Auberon, the noble knight,
Who was only three feet in his stature,
But was a fairy, as you ought to know.

A publication of these *Chansons de Geste*, under the name of *Les Anciens Poètes de la France*, was begun in 1859, with the liberal patronage of the Imperial Government, and under the able direction of M. Guessard. In 1859, and the subsequent year, there were five volumes of this series published belonging to the Carlovingian cycle. Several more have more recently appeared, and it is announced on the flyleaf that to complete that cycle no less than forty volumes in all will be required. I hope, however, that this only too liberal promise may not be carried out. The few volumes already given to the world seem to me sufficient to satisfy even the most craving curiosity. There is little variety in the stories, and none at all in the style. The poetical beauties, if indeed any exist, are at all events but thinly scattered; and the sole value of these works lies as I conceive in the glimpses which they now and then afford of the manners and feelings of the age of chivalry during which they were composed.

Those glimpses are not very favourable. The knights and Paladins, though properly held forth as fearless, appear in at least an equal degree ferocious. Moderation in conquest, and mercy to the vanquished, are

seldom to be ranked among their virtues. The prelates are represented, not as ministers of the God of Peace, but rather as doughty champions, seeking to kill as many Saracens as possible. For example, we find in *Gaufrey*, a French chief, Berart, address the Archbishop of Rheims as follows:—

"'Turpin, Sir Archbishop, be a knight to-day;
It is a trade in which you are already skilled.
Let you and me try our might against the Pagans!'
And Turpin made answer: 'So let it be,
I shall read them a very dolorous psalm-book,
One cannot every day be reading texts and versicles;
Times come when one should strike with one's trusty steel.'"

So then Berart and the Archbishop rushing forward deal fierce blows upon the enemy:—

"Of Saracens they made more than one hundred fall,
Who will not stand up again either in March or in February."[1]

As to the ladies, I may cite also from *Gaufrey* the description of Flordespine, who is represented as a pattern princess:—

"Her age was but fourteen years and a half:
She knew well how to speak Latin, and she understood Romane;
She knew well how to play at tables (or draughts) and chess;
And as to the course of the stars and shining moon,
She knew more than any woman living in this age."[2]

The princesses were no credit to this excellent

[1] *Gaufrey*, p. 196, ed. 1859. [2] Ibid. p. 55.

training. Not only did they on occasion bear arms and strike blows like the Bradamant of Ariosto, but they too frequently appear both treacherous and cruel. Thus, in *Fierabras*, one young lady, dreading some evil machinations from her aged governess, lures her close to a palace window, and then makes a sign to her chamberlain behind, who flings the matron out of window into the sea, where she is drowned. The same princess, the beautiful Floripas, is afterwards consulted by her father, the Emir, as to the disposal of some French knights, his prisoners:—

"'So tell me then, my daughter, what counsel you give me.'
'Sir,' said Floripas, 'hearken to my words:
Have their feet and their limbs cut off,
And burn them in a fire outside the city.'
'Daughter,' said the Emir, 'you have spoken right well.'"[1]

These *gentes pucelles* cannot by any means be accused of carrying to excess their feelings of maiden reserve. When Floripas becomes enamoured of Gui de Bourgogne, she does not scruple to ask his hand in marriage. Gui at first objects, saying, that he will take no wife except from the choice of Charlemagne. But Floripas rejoins:—

"I swear by Mahomet, that if you will not take me
I will have you all hanged and waving in the wind."

And upon this Gui very naturally yields.[2]

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[1] *Fierabras*, pp. 67, 83.

[2] Ibid. p. 85.

In view of this auspicious event, we find that Floripas consents to adopt the Christian faith. We cannot say, however, that her ideas of female propriety are in consequence very much improved. She has to undergo a siege in one of her castles with the knights who were recently her father's prisoners; and although they have no fear that the donjon will be taken, they apprehend a wearisome blockade. Upon this Floripas has an expedient for beguiling the time:—

"I have with me five maidens of right noble birth,
What can I say more? Let each knight take a paramour,
Then so long as we are here, we shall lead a joyous life."

This proposal finds great favour among the five knights.

"'Certes,' answered Roland, 'you have spoken courtesy,
Never yet saw I a maiden of such noble behaviour.'"[1]

The devotion expressed in these *Chansons de Geste* is indeed of the most grovelling kind, and worthy of the darkest ages. It scarcely soars above the worship of the negro on the coast of Guinea for his fetish, adoring it when he is prosperous, and threatening, or even maltreating it, when he thinks that it does not yield him due protection. I will give two instances from this same poem of *Fierabras*, the one as applied to a Mahometan, and the other to a Christian prince. First, then, of the Emir with whom we have already made acquaintance as the father of Floripas. Being worsted in battle, he exclaims:—

[1] *Fierabras*, p. 118. Nearly the same words are ascribed to Floripas in an earlier passage, p. 69.

" Ah, Mahomet! Sir, how you have forgotten me!
Ill love have you shown me this day.
If ever I return in safety to Spain,
You shall be so beaten in the ribs and sides
That there is no man in the world but will pity you;
And I shall hold you more vile than any dead dog."

Let us come next to the mighty Emperor Charlemagne himself:—

" 'St. Mary, our Lady,' said Charles of the haughty aspect,
'Protect Oliver, so that he may not be killed or taken;
For, by my father's sword, if he were slain,
In no monastery of France, nor yet of other lands,
Should priest or clerk be any more ordained:
I would cast down both crucifix and altar.'"[1]

Charlemagne himself appears wholly transfigured in these *Chansons de Geste.* First he is represented as in extreme old age. Thus in the opening passage of *Huon de Bordeaux,* he is made to say that he was a hundred years old at the birth of his eldest son Charlot, who is already grown up to manhood. Thus, again, in *Doon de Mayence,* we are told that Doon and Charlemagne were born on the same day,[2] and yet Charlemagne survived to be also the contemporary of a grandson of Doon, no other than the traitor Ganelon.

In conformity with the idea of decrepid age, the *Chansons de Geste* no longer hold forth Charlemagne as the wise and mighty Sovereign, such as he is shown both in the earlier fictions, and in authentic history. On the contrary, he is represented as feeble and fretful,

[1] See these two passages in the *Fierabras,* pp. 175, 28.
[2] *Doon de Mayence,* p. 162.

timorous and wavering, and bearded even to his face by his bolder Paladins. There is, among several others, one curious dialogue of this kind in *Gui de Bourgogne*, the scene being laid in Spain. The great Emperor is so nettled by a taunt from Roland, that he nearly, says the poet, struck him with his glove across the nose:—

"'Sir,' so spoke Oliver, 'you are much to blame,
And I swear that I will not let seven days pass by
Before I begin my march homewards to France.'
. . . . . .
'By my head,' quoth Roland, 'I will do the same.
Let us leave this old man, who is wholly besotted,
And may a hundred thousand devils possess him!'"[1]

The constant and as it were systematic depreciation of Charlemagne in these later poems might well surprise us. Perhaps it is best explained by remembering how, since the time of Charlemagne, the great feudatories of the Crown had succeeded in depressing both his own descendants and the first Kings of the succeeding dynasty. A feeble monarch, surrounded by powerful and overbearing vassals, might seem, at least to the dependants of the latter, the most eligible form of government. Hence it would be natural for them to suppose that in the time of the far-famed Emperor also a like system had prevailed. The poet makes Roland address to Charles the Great the same terms as the Comte de Vermandois may really have addressed to Charles the Simple.

Besides the *Chansons de Geste* there exists a wholly

[1] *Gui de Bourgogne*, p. 33.

separate class of poems relative to Charlemagne, which is made known to us in some detail by M. Louis Moland in his *Origines Littéraires de la France.* These poems belong to the literature, and were prompted by the spirit of the first Crusades. Assuming a pilgrimage to the Holy Land as amongst the highest of earthly duties, and taking for granted that the mighty Charlemagne could not have neglected that sacred obligation, they represent him as visiting both Constantinople and Jerusalem in company with his twelve Peers. The principal composition of this class, extending to nearly nine hundred lines, dates from the twelfth century. There is a transcript of it in the fifteenth, which is preserved at the British Museum, and which is illustrated with admirable skill. It contains, for example, on the *verso* of one of the first folio pages, a superb miniature representing John Talbot, the first and famous Earl of Shrewsbury, who, on his knees, is supposed to present this very volume to Queen Margaret of Anjou.[1]

It was from this transcript at the British Museum that the poem was published for the first time in 1836, by a French gentleman well known in antiquarian literature, M. Francisque Michel. Fully sufficient extracts, however, will be found in the work of M. Moland.

I will here translate the lines describing what Charlemagne found in the Temple of Jerusalem:—

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[1] At the British Museum, marked *Bibl. Reg.* 15, E. vi. It was published by Mr. Pickering in 1836—not 1846, as M. Moland erroneously states.

" He entered a church of marble, richly painted.
There stood an altar of renowned sanctity:
At this Christ had chaunted the Mass, and his Apostles also.
And the twelve stalls are still there entire,
The thirteenth in the midst, sealed and closed.
Charles came in, rejoicing at his heart.
The twelve Peers took their seats on both sides,
But Charles took his seat in the midst.
No man ever sat there before him."[1]

Such then were the legends of Charlemagne. I certainly cannot commend them to my hearers as a rich and fertile field from which an abundant harvest may be gathered in. They rather, on the contrary, resemble some rude moorland, or some thicket full of briars, upon which, nevertheless, a few berries may be found. Dropping metaphors, I would say that while I am unable to discern in these poems any of the beauties ascribed to them by their more ardent commentators, and while I think that their stories are for the most part ill-contrived and destitute of interest, I yet conceive that they afford very striking illustrations—and the more striking because wholly undesigned—of the customs and the feelings in the "age of chivalry"—which was never very chivalrous in the modern sense of the term.

STANHOPE.

[1] See this passage in the *Origines Littéraires*, p. 104.

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